THE DOLPHIN.

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PIUS X.[1]

IT WAS a fair and sunny hillside, clothed with tender verdure, and bathed in that clear, translucent air through which the hum of bee and croak of locust, the tingle of sheep bell and the laughter of children floated upward from the classic lake. A little group of fishermen and of shepherds leaning on their staves, were gazing, with deep, dark, Oriental glance, upon One who stood before them as Teacher and Master,—Leader unto the great Unknown. And He was speaking, addressing one among them—that knot of rude, uncultured men, as we of to-day should have deemed them—in words which have echoed down many a century, even unto our own time: "I say unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

[1] *Pie X.* Par Julien de Narfon. Le Conclave de 1903. Pie X intime. Le Nouveau Pontificat. Paris: Libraire Ch. Delagrave. Pp. 357.

Life of His Holiness Pope Pius X. Together with a Sketch of the Life of his Venerable Predecessor, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Also a History of the Conclave, giving a Full Account of the Rites and Ceremonies Connected with the Election of a Successor to the See of St. Peter. With a Preface by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, the First American Cardinal to take Part in the Election of a Pope. Profusely and richly illustrated. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See. 1904. Pp. 400.

Life of Pope Pius X. By Monsignor Anton De Waal, Rector of Campo Santo, Rome. Translated and adapted from the Second German Edition with permission of the author and publisher, by Joseph William Berg, St. Francis, Wis. With 125 illustrations. Milwaukee, Wis.: The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1904. Pp. xv—175.

S.S. Pie X. Vie Populaire anecdotique. Enrico Martinelli. Traduite de l'Italien. Paris: Ancienne Maison Ch. Douniol, P. Téqui. 1904. Pp. viii—64.

Nineteen centuries of time, wars and rumors of wars, generation succeeding generation; and then—another voice, uplifted from the very centre of once pagan Rome, the Rome which had crucified Peter, crying aloud: "I bring you glad tidings; for we have, as Pope, the most illustrious lord, Giuseppe Sarto, who takes the name of Pius X."

And above the Tomb of Peter, another Follower of Christ is crowned.

By the almost terrible ubiquitousness and omniscience of the modern press, we have learned long ago all those intimate details of the hidden life of Conclave which in former years were mere matters of hearsay, or historic gossip; and the figure of that simple, kindly, generous Italian bishop who had so humbly entered the walled-in precincts with his "return-ticket" in his pocket, stands out clear and vivid before our mind's eye to-day.

We see him as in a picture, preëminently the unworldly, unpolitical, unplotting ecclesiastic, listening, with a sort of gentle amusement, to the unfamiliar shibboleths of the Roman Curia, the bewilderingly complex arguments of his brother cardinals, echoing thoughts of politics, and of vetos, and of foreign interests, with votes for Rampolla, the French candidate, or for Gotti, who is suspected of being the German one, or for Vannutelli, the candidate of Rampolla's opponents; and when the name of "Sarto" comes five times out of the voting urn within that wondrous Sistine Chapel over which Michael Angelo has cast his noblest genius, the Venetian prelate smiles indulgently at his neighbor, the French Cardinal Lecot, and murmurs, "They are amusing themselves over my name" (*volunt jocari super nomen meum*), apparently thinking the five voting papers are an accidental allusion to the five letters of his name.

On the second day, a Polish Cardinal conveys to the Sacred College Austria's veto upon the candidature of the former Secretary of State; the one man who had seemed so surely destined to be Leo XIII's successor that he had already chosen his official name, that of Leo XIV; and although the justly indignant voters did but protest against this intrusion—unwarrantable, though not unprecedented in history—upon their sacred rights, the numbers of his supporters at once began to diminish.

On the third day, Cardinal Sarto's name stood at the head of the list; and this time, realizing the situation, he burst forth, to the same confrère, in horrified protest, "My election would be the ruin of the Church!" and, addressing the Sacred College as they sat enthroned around the voting urn, he besought them to "withhold from his lips the chalice of the Pontificate." He could not, he would not, accept the Papal Tiara.

The Cardinal to whom he first addressed himself, received these protestations with the more complacency that he was himself a partisan of Rampolla's candidature. "You cannot," he suggested in reply, "be Pope, if you do not speak French!" A somewhat singular, though perhaps a very natural, remark. "Deo gratias!" breathed the humble Patriarch of Venice, taking heart of grace; and so the voting went on.

We are told by the writer from whom we are largely quoting (M. de Narfon, one of the editors of *Le Gaulois*), whose book has been most favorably reviewed by the Catholic press, and who was in Rome, and in touch with some of the highest authorities at the time of the Conclave, thus commanding exceptional facilities for a knowledge of "le dessous des cartes," that on August 3d, the third day of conclave, Cardinal Satolli repaired after lunch to the cell of Cardinal Gibbons.

"We can do nothing with Sarto," he exclairned. "I have been speaking to him, and I see that we cannot break down his resistance."

"The Patriarch of Venice is absolutely the most suitable candidate," replied the American dignitary, "the more so that his election, if we do not give it up, is certain. Go back to Cardinal Sarto. What he fears is the burden of responsibility. Well, point out to him that he will incur a yet heavier responsibility if he refuses to accept a great duty which Providence wishes to lay upon him. Make a last attempt."

The Cardinal acted as he was advised to do, and made a long and eloquent appeal to his brother dignitary; while Cardinal Langenieux, on the part of the French Cardinals, urged the same course, in an interview very shortly before what afterwards proved to be the final scrutiny. And, on the morning of August 4th, the acting Scrutator, Cardinal Richard, read aloud, from fifty voting papers, the name of Giuseppe Sarto!

Then, as we all know, the Cardinal Camerlengo, Oreglia, approached the pale and trembling ecclesiastic, and addressed him in the time-honored formula:—

"Acceptas-ne electionem de te canonice factam in summum pontificem?"

"I have asked of God to take this chalice from me," was the reply; "but may His Holy Will be done!"

It was not the correct formula of assent, and Oreglia repeated, somewhat impatiently:—

"Acceptas-ne?"

"Accepto!"

"What name will you take?"

"I will take the name of Pius X, in memory of all the holy Popes who have borne that name, and who have defended the Church with strength and with gentleness."

And as he spoke, the canopies surmounting each princely throne were lowered simultaneously, save that above the head of the newly-elect, and the reign of Pope Pius X had begun!

To the waiting conclavists—our readers are doubtless aware that these officials are a kind of private secretary attached to each cardinal—the news spread quickly, conveyed by the call for "Cardinal Sarto's conclavist and valet," to clothe him in the white Pontifical robes in which he should presently receive the "first homage" of the cardinals. The crowd without, some 25,000 persons, gleaned the same tidings through one or two quick-witted officials within the enclosure, who, leaning out of one of the Vatican windows, made signs of *sewing*, or, as others say, of scissors cutting. "Sarto! Sarto!" cried the impulsive Italian crowd, to whom the word *sarto* meant tailor; and so they knew the tidings even before Cardinal Macchi, Cardinal Deacon in chief, appeared upon the balcony above the gate of St. Peter's.

One more anecdote from our *Gaulois* informant, truly modern in its irreverent daring. After the clothing, the first homage, and the public benediction given by the new Pontiff, from the inner loggia of St. Peter's, Pius X, with the kindly thoughtfulness so characteristic of him, betook himself, alone and *sans cérémonie*, to the bedside of his suffering confrère, Cardinal Herrero, to bestow upon him a special blessing, and then returned to his cell, where he hoped to snatch a few moments of solitude.

But he was presently petitioned to give audience to the conclavists, that privileged body who all but share the fortunes and the secrets of their masters, the cardinals. These conclavists, we may mention in passing, are usually priests, but, according to a recent rule, may never be bishops, a fact which caused some disappointment to a certain individual at the Conclave in question, Cardinal Couillie, Archbishop of Lyons, having brought with him, as his conclavist, a titular bishop, Mgr. Dadolle, who was rejected on account of his episcopal rank.

The conclavists, on being presented to the new Pontiff, advanced to do him homage, and "it would indeed have been strange if there had not been a photographer among them," observes M. Narfon. At all events, with the enthusiasm so frequently in evidence among the fraternity of the camera, one among them, a certain Abbé Béchetoile, had scarcely bestowed the ceremonial kiss upon the august hand, when he coolly raised and adjusted a kodak. One of the officials rushed to push him aside, and was in his turn discreetly displaced by the Pope's secretary, while the Pontiff himself, with a smile, vouchsafed a gesture of kindly acquiescence.

The attitude of the editor of the *Gaulois* was, as may readily be imagined, that of partisan of the "French candidate," Cardinal Rampolla; and how strong ran Gallic feeling upon this point may readily be imagined, when one learns that in the universal illuminations which took place throughout the city on that night, one church alone remained dark and silent,—that of St. Louis des Français. His testimony is therefore but the more valuable when he tells us how, immediately after the Conclave, he sought to gather up opinions from various sources regarding the new Head of the Church.

His first visit was to Cardinal Vincento Vannutelli, the gracious and amiable prelate who since that time has become a familiar figure to many of us, having been chosen as Apostolic Ablegate to Ireland on the occasion of the consecration of the new Cathedral of Armagh; where, as well as in England, he won golden opinions from rich and poor alike, during his almost royal progress through "that distressful country." In connection with the candidature of his brother, his name had come prominently forward as possible

future Secretary of State, although he issued a formal protest against any such proposal, and, as a matter of fact, is said to have been the first of all the cardinals to suggest the name of Sarto.

"With all my heart I, and my brother also, are ready to join in a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving," spoke this prelate, cordially. "The election of Pius X bears evident marks of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; and I am firmly convinced that in no other pontifical election have the electors acted more completely apart from all human considerations."

"The Pope impresses me in the same way that he does every one else," spoke another dignitary; "he is thoroughly good, and charmingly simple. . . . He resembles Pius IX to an extraordinary extent, and his administration will be a most paternal one."

The ecclesiastical Vice Chancellor, Cardinal Agliardi, "one of the principal electors of Pius X," explaining his reasons for his very energetic partisanship of the successful candidate (if such we may venture to call him), gave expression to the universal feeling when he told how—"No one, on entering the Conclave, gave a thought to the Patriarch of Venice as possible successor to Leo XIII." But it was soon apparent that the trend of political affairs required, as Pontiff, "a Pope who belonged to no party, to no nation, and who should be, so to speak, exclusively a bishop. Cardinal Sarto, whose distinguished virtues we all knew, seemed most perfectly to realize this idea. His election was visibly the work of God."

Cardinal Mathieu, a Frenchman, resident in Rome, interviewed in his turn by the energetic and persistent journalist, repeated the assurances of his brethren in the scarlet, that "this Conclave has done great honor to the Sacred College. . . . All human preoccupations have been entirely put aside at the election of Cardinal Sarto. And I believe that no Conclave ever had such *bad candidates*, in the sense that not one amongst them either desired or sought to be elected."

But enough of such testimonies; they are absolutely unvarying; and unvarying also are the assurances which fall from one and all, of the silent dignity of Cardinal Rampolla; and of the humility, the fear, the utter self-abnegation with which Cardinal Sarto accepted the responsibility of successor to Leo XIII.

If there was one point more than another on which the secular and religious world alike were agreed, it was undoubtedly that not only they desired, but they had obtained, on that memorable fourth of August, "a non-political Pope." With this impression in view, it may be of interest to recall the words of a certain Allocution which, on November 9th, after his election to the Pontifical Throne, Pius X addressed to his assembled Cardinals:

"By virtue of our duty to defend the truth and Christian law, we must necessarily elucidate and define the notions of important things, whether these notions be furnished by nature, or Divinely transmitted, which we now behold obscurely, and even effaced altogether in more than one place. We must confirm the principles of discipline, of power, of justice, and of equity, which are cast aside in our days, and bring back under rule and into the right paths of honesty, whether in private or public life, all men together, and each one of them in particular, not only those who obey, but those also who command, because they are all the sons of the same God. Assuredly, we understand that some persons will be scandalized at what we say—namely, that it is necessary that we should occupy ourselves with politics. But whosoever judges equitably the course of affairs sees well that the Pontiff, in virtue of the office with which he is invested, can in no way separate political affairs from those which concern faith and morals. He is, in fact, the chief and the supreme guide of that perfect society which is the Church—a society composed of men and established among men. He ought therefore certainly to wish to preserve good relations with all princes and governments of States, if he wishes that in all the countries of the world the security and liberty of Catholics should be protected."

As M. de Narfon justly observes: "Leo XIII himself, the political Pope *par excellence*, never proclaimed more forcibly and more explicitly the political rights of the Papacy."

Not, however, that Pius X is willing to confront the world with any definite political programme, or in the remotest degree to pose as a diplomatist, as, *pace* M. Narfon, the following "interview" with another of the French journalists, M. Boyer d'Agen, will show.[2]

[2] "La politique de Pie X." Par Boyer d'Agen, in *La Femme Contemporaine* for September, 1904.

After noting the present aspect of the Vatican interior, where the Pontifical liveries still bear the arms of Leo XIII—for our good Pius X dreams rather of his great idea, one uniform catechism for the whole Catholic Church, than of armorial bearings for himself or his family—and where the many gaily costumed menials of former days have given place to a solitary black-coated secular majordomo or *decano dei buzzolanti*, who ushers you in silence through a series of stately ante-rooms, you arrive within the magnificent presence-chamber, where—

"white, from head to foot, the immaculate Pontiff stands erect, yielding his hand with its single amethyst ring to your lips as simply as, *per contra*, he refuses his foot to your devout salute. Obedient to his constraining touch, you are made to sit down beside him, where you can contemplate the sovereign at your ease.

"'And your politics, Holy Father?'

"'You wish to know the politics of the Pope with regard to the events now passing in France? They are very simple, but will you hear them, and adopt them? The politics of the Pope are still the politics of Peter. And the book which holds their infallible formula, from the first century which beheld the beginning of the Papacy until the last, is the Gospel. And not, as in past history, a sword in one hand, and the Gospel in the other. No! but the simple and only Gospel, the two hands full of it, and the heart overflowing for those unhappy multitudes who must be loved, with deepest and most pitiful *bowels of mercy*. What is a sword worth, in place of such a love? It did but serve Peter against Malthus for a moment's indignation; the sculptors of the future have made him expiate it enough.

"'Is the sword of war worth as much as the plough of peace? Is the hatred which destroys, preferable to the love which engenders? Have you forgotten that Cæsar at Pharsalia, or Napoleon at Austerlitz, never gave forth a more eloquent gesture than that of the sower in the parable? *Behold, a sower went forth to sow*, saith the Gospel. That is the Pope. The Pope of to-day, like those of yesterday, and of to-morrow, has but one mission in this world, that of holding forth the hand which sows and which gives life, not that which fights and kills.

"'The Pope, ordinarily a son of the humble of this world, is above all things the sovereign of the poor. His inheritance, which Christ

left to him on Calvary with the thorniest of crosses and the most blood-stained of royal robes, is that of vast human suffering which a suffering God teaches us to make divine. His kingdom is made up of the millions of suffering souls which it falls to his lot to console, like those which his first Master fed in the desert and preached to upon the mounains. *Miseram super turbas?* That is the only *politics* which suits the Pope, through all the miseries of the world with which he would fain cover himself, in order to obtain grace from God whose immense bounty and inexhaustible mercy he represents here below.

"'What matters it to the successful ones of this world, whether the Pope has any political opinions or not? Will they agree with their own? Do riches go hand in hand with poverty, hatred with love, war with peace? What day will they sacrifice, on the altar of class-reconciliation, those unjust fortunes which divide them, and the intolerable tyrannies which only draw them together the better to measure their stature to-day and attack them to-morrow? Come, leave one half of the world to starve the other, and, since the Gospel is no more read, ask no more of the Pope his *political opinions* which no one, poor or rich, famishing or replete, happy or unhappy, will listen to, in this bewildered world, ripe for some inexorable catastrophe!'

"'But there remain in France, as elsewhere, Holy Father, certain wise ones who ask but to unite their politics of peacemaking with your own politics of peace!'

"'Yes, yes, the just men within Gomorrah, who, had they been but ten only, would have appeased the justice of God. Well, what are you waiting for? That the last monarchist shall have annihilated the last imperialist. If the Republic needs your persons and your sacrifices, in order to become better and to yield a universally acceptable régime, what do you wait for, before offering your entire service and duty to your country?'

"'Does your Holiness look at things from so optimistic a point of view as to consider that the present state of things may, by a more effective union among French conservatives, lead to a better understanding everywhere, or at least an adjournment of the threatened revolution?'

"'What revolution, if you please? Unless, indeed the most pacific of all.'

"'But, the legal revolution, already going on. The executions *in the name of the law!* What other one can be compared to it?

Might one not almost regret the original one which simply and frankly cut off people's heads?'

"'No, for once cut off, they speak no more. Whereas you, you have yours still!'

"'And of what use is it, Holy Father?'

"'To unite, to come to an understanding.'

"'Against the government?'

"'When a government is unreasonable, the simplest thing is,—I do not say to change it, for all governments are good that have good subjects and good chiefs, but,—the simplest thing, as I say, is to reason with it. But always gently, and without party-feeling.'

"'But when a government is essentially bad?'

"'Then that government is no longer free, it is is under the yoke of some passion which binds it; like anti-clericalism, as in the case of your own. Well, show it, without passion, and in a manner befitting free intelligences, its error.'

"'In the meanwhile it is the French clergy which will "pay the piper," in the denunciation of the Concordat.'

"'*Ma che Concordato?* Ma che Concordato? No! God does not will it, and consequently that rupture will not take place.'

"'Holy Father, will you permit me to address myself now to *the great white parish priest*, and to ask of the former curé of Tombola one final word to encourage our poor French curês?'

"'Let them be docile. Let them yield all that their consciences permit them to yield. Let them be reticent, and act with gentleness.

"'Such were the *politics* of Christ, such are our own, the only ones which suffice to surmount the difficulties of this sad world. And then, are we not the elect of the eternal promises, for whom earthly trials are but for a time, after which we shall realize forever our immutable, our indefectible, our immortal hopes?'"

T. L. L. Teeling.

Ealing, London.

(To be continued.)

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

Chapter XIX.—A Flight and a Return.

THREE years had rolled by; and, although the tragedy in the homestead at Glenanaar was still fresh in the memories of the people, and was often a topic of discussion around the winter's hearths, it was cast into a background of utter insignificance when the great national tragedy commenced, and, after many a hope and fear, it was seen that, without doubt, famine with all its ghastly train of evils was far and wide upon the land. Looking back upon that appalling period in our history, the great wonder is, not that so many perished in the famine, but that so many lived, and lived in comfort in the years previous to that dread visitation. When old men point out to-day places where whole villages then existed, each with its little army of tradesmen—fullers, spinners, masons, stone-cutters, carpenters, and the rest—we, whose economic conditions are yet not up to the normal standard of living, ask ourselves in amazement how did the people then live. The land is as rich to-day as ever; the population has dwindled down to a fourth of what it was then. If to-day the struggle for existence is still keen, what must it not have been then? And yet the remnants of the ancient peasantry assure us—and they themselves are the best proof of the assertion—that the men of those bygone days, nurtured exclusively on potatoes and milk, were a far more powerful race than their descendants, could endure greater hardship, and accomplish greater work. But when the potato was the sole sustenance of the people, we can imagine what a horror, slowly creeping on their minds, finally seized them with utter panic, when in the autumn of 'forty-seven, and again in the autumn of 'forty-eight, that strange odor filled the atmosphere, and told of the deadly blight. Even to-day that word has an ominous significance. Men seem to grow pale at the thought of it. The farmer or laborer sniffs the air on one of those sweet autumnal evenings, and goes into his cottage a depressed man. A newspaper report from the far west of the county, that the "blight" has appeared, makes men still shudder. What must it

have been in those far days, when no other food was to be had; when the granaries of the great prairies were yet unlocked, and a whole people might perish before the hands of the charitable could reach them!

And they did perish; perished by hundreds, by thousands, by tens of thousands, by hundreds of thousands; perished in the houses, in the fields, by the roadside, in the ditches; perished from hunger, from cold, but most of all from the famine-fever. It is an appalling picture, that which springs up to memory. Gaunt spectres move here and there, looking at one another out of hollow eyes of despair and gloom. Ghosts walk the land. Great giant figures, reduced to skeletons by hunger, shake in their clothes, which hang loose around their attenuated frames. Mothers try to still their children's cries of hunger, by bringing their cold, blue lips to milkless breasts. Here and there by the wayside a corpse stares at the passers-by, as it lies against the hedge where it had sought shelter. The pallor of its face is darkened by lines of green around the mouth, the dry juice of grass and nettles. All day long the carts are moving to the graveyards with their ghastly, staring, uncoffined loads. In the towns it is even worse. The shops are shuttered. Great fires blaze at the corners of streets to purify the air. From time to time the doctors send up into the polluted air paper kites with a piece of meat attached. The meat comes down putrid. At the government depots, here and there, starving creatures dip their hands into the boiling maize, or Indian meal (hence and forevermore in Ireland, the synonym of starvation and poverty), and swallow with avidity the burning food. A priest is called from his bed at every watch of the night. As he opens his hall-door, two or three corpses fall into his arms. Poor creatures! here was their last refuge! Here and there along the way, while the soft rain comes down to wash more corruption into the festering streets, a priest kneels in the mud over a prostrate figure. He is administering the last rites, whilst a courageous bystander holds an umbrella above his head to guard the Sacred Species. No graves, but pits, as after the carnage of a great battle, are dug in the cemeteries; and the burial service is read over twenty corpses at a time. Those who have managed to escape the dread visitation

are flying panic-stricken to the seaports. They heed not the coffin-ship, nor the sea-peril before them. Anywhere, anywhere, out of this pestiferous, famine-stricken Gehenna! The ships are full. Those who are compelled to remain behind on the quays send up a wail of lamentation. The dread spirits of Fever and Famine haunt them. There is no exorcism so powerful as to dispel them. There is nothing but flight, flight! The panic has lasted even to to-day.

One dark, iron grey, bitter evening in the month of March, 1848, Redmond Casey was looking through the smoke-begrimed pane of glass which lighted the smithy. Work was dull; and he had time to dream. And his dream was the dream of the last three years, the figure that had so often darkened that mountain road before him in sunlight and moonlight, and the face that had made the sunshine and the moonlight brighter. He had been a very lonely man these three years. His fancy, which had painted all kinds of lovely things, with Nodlag the central radiance, had been rudely dashed to pieces by the hand of Fate; and the tragedy at Glenanaar, which had almost ceased to interest the people around, was as vivid as ever to him on account of his great personal loss. Work, of course, that blessed panacea, more or less had dissipated the memory of his sorrow; but now and again this would come up with startling clearness to remind him of the swift and sudden calamity that had made barren so many years of his life.

As he looked out over the cold, bleak landscape, he saw the closely shawled figure of a woman coming up the road with slow, painful steps; and then, after a moment's pause, turning into the little boreen that led from the smithy to the road. Here evidently her strength failed, for, putting out one hand, as if she were blind, she groped for the ditch and then fell against it heavily. Redmond rushed into the cottage, and cried to his mother:—

"Run out, mother! There's another of thim poor crachures in the ditch!"

"The Lord betune us and all harrum," cried the mother. "Will it ever ind?"

She took up a porringer of milk (into which she poured a little hot water), and a piece of home-made loaf, and went out.

Making her way with some dread and caution, she came within a few feet of where the fainting woman was lying; and afraid of the fever to approach nearer, she placed the food on a large stone, such as is always found near a smithy, and shouted:—

"Here, poor 'uman, here is milk and bread for you! Thry and rouse up, alanna, and God 'ill give you the strinth."

She turned and passed into the house, afraid to remain longer in such a dangerous vicinity; and the unfortunate woman, making one last effort for dear life, raised herself by a great effort, tried to walk forward a few steps, and fell. Then, after a few moments, she raised herself on hands and feet, and thus crept and crawled along the ground toward the now thrice-tempting food. She had to pause a few times, and Redmond, watching through the smithy pane, tried to catch a sight of her face. But she held her head so low that he could not see tt. At last, after many painful efforts, she came within reach of the stone; and was just putting out her hand to seize the porringer of milk, when a huge, gaunt sheep-dog leaped over the neighboring ditch, upset the milk, caught up the bread in his lank, gaunt jaws, and sped up the boreen toward the road. The woman raised herself from her stooping posture, and flinging up her arms with a gesture of despair, fell senseless to the earth.

Just at the moment, however, that she lifted face and hands to heaven in the agony of a final supplication, the young smith caught a glimpse of eyes that were unchanged amidst the general and terrible transformation of famine, and of one stray lock of auburn hair that had freed itself from the hooded shawl; and with one wild leap, he tore through the smithy door, along the boreen, and in a moment had the fainting girl in his arms. He raised her wrecked and emaciated form as if it were a child's, and bringing it into the house, he laid it on his mother's bed, and shouted in a suppressed whisper:—

"Mother, quick, quick! A little milk at wanst. An' a dhrop of sperrits in it!"

The mother, amazed at his temerity, was too panic-stricken to remonstrate. She only moaned and lamented over the fire:—

"Oh, Lord, Lord! he has lost his five sinses, an' brought the faver and aguey into the house! Oh, Red, Red, what's come over you at all, at all?"

"Mother," he cried in a hoarse whisper, bending down his face to hers, "if Nodlag dies, I'll never forgive you, living or dead!"

"Nodlag! Yerra, glory be to God! your sinses are wandhering, boy. Nodlag! what Nodlag?"

But Redmond saw no time was to be lost in asking or answering questions. He put a small tin vessel of milk hastily on the fire; and went over to the cupboard to get a bottle of whiskey. As he did, he took a swift, secret look at the poor girl. To all appearance she was dead. Her shawl had been flung aside, and her features were now quite visible. But, oh! what a dread change! Beneath the cheek-bones her face had sunk in in dreadful hollows, and her neck was thin and withered. There was a blue line across her lips. Her forehead, though her temples were sunken, and the thick masses of auburn hair that crowned it, alone retained their graciousness. The young smith poured some spirits into the black, hollow palm of his hand, and rubbed the blue lips lightly with his fingers. This he repeated several times, only interrupting the process to go over, and dip his grimy finger into the vessel containing the milk to test its warmth. After some time he had the satisfaction of seeing a slight color come back to the marble face. He then took up the vessel of milk, and said to the weeping and distracted mother:—

"Mother, for the love of God, keep quiet. This is no time for keening. Here, lift Nodlag's head, and lemme see if I can get a drop of milk into her mouth!"

The mother, with some fear, yet with many an endearing Irish expression, raised the head of the poor girl, whilst Redmond tried to force a little milk between her lips. For some time the attempt was ineffectual, and life seemed to be flickering under the broad wings of death, as a candle flame flickers blue and thin in a strong wind. But at last she swallowed a teaspoon of the milk, then another, and another, until at length her eyes opened and fell first upon the face of the young smith. She continued to gaze at him earnestly for a few seconds, then she whispered, "Red!" and lay back wearily, yet refreshed on the pillow. Although it was like the opening of the gates of Paradise to Red Casey, he went out, and wept like a child.

All that night mother and son watched the poor famine-

stricken girl, until, coming near the dawn, she fell into a deep sleep, so calm and with such regular breathing that Mrs. Casey, now completely over her fright, ordered Redmond to bed.

"Lave her to me now!" the good mother said. "Lave her to me! Sure whin God sint me back her I wanted to be my daughter three years ago, sure she ought to find her mother still."

And Redmond kissed his mother, and said:—

"Mother, you were always good, and I have never been as good as I ought to you."

A few days rolled by, and the magnificent constitution of this mountain girl, reared in hardship that strengthened and purified, asserted itself, and she was able to go about again, and do little bits of household work. As her strength came back, there came with it a new and more spiritual beauty, as if sorrow and hunger had worn away all grosser tissues, and left her a kind of transparent and almost unearthly loveliness that made Redmond afraid to look at her. There grew up between them, too, a kind of shyness that made Redmond afraid to be alone with her for a moment; and Nodlag, on her part, seemed to court the society of the mother rather than the companionship of the son. And one day, a few weeks after her providential rescue, Nodlag took down her black shawl, whilst Redmond was away from home on business, and after kissing the old woman, who never noticed how expressive it was, she passed out of the humble cottage, and faced the world again.

Red Casey was thunderstruck when he returned home. This was the second time his hopes had been blasted. In his anger, he attributed Nodlag's flight to everything but the real cause. He blamed his mother; he blamed Nodlag; he blamed himself for having allowed so close and splendid an opportunity to pass. Then he became suddenly practical. He asked his mother which way Nodlag went. He was determined to follow the girl, and bring her back, or lose her for ever. The old woman could not say whither Nodlag went. She thought she only went down to the well. Red, at once, tore off his leather-apron, burnt here and there by the smithy fire, and putting on a rough cap over his sooty, red hair, he sallied forth. He went up the hill quickly, and

leaping a gully, he ascended an abrupt height, where he could trace the roads for miles. He could see no trace of the girlish form of Nodlag. Sad at heart, he retraced his steps, and moved down along the western road, his head sunk on his breast, and no hope in his mind. He had passed half-way across the bridge where old Edmond Connors had challenged Nodlag's mother, on that snowy evening when Nodlag was but an infant, and the mother in her wretchedness was debating with herself whether the child would not be happier there in the death of the torrent than in the dreadful life that stretched sullenly before her. Something dark caught his eye, and in a moment he saw the girl sitting on the bridge-wall. She looked pale and frightened, as if she had been guilty of some crime; and this disarmed the anger of the young smith. He came over and sat down on the parapet near her. She was trembling all over.

"I couldn't stay, Reddy," she said. "Indeed, I couldn't. "Twouldn't be right."

"Did me or me mother trate you badly?" he said stiffly.

"N—no," she said, weeping. "God knows I am ever so thankful. I'd be in my cowld grave to-day but for you, Redmond Casey, and your good mother; and how could I forget that?"

"Thin somebody has been putting some quare things into yer head," he said. "As if the bit you ate, and small enough it is, God knows, could make a differ to me mother or me."

"It isn't that ayther," she sobbed. "Sure I knew ye never begredged me. But I couldn't stop; an' I'd be far away now, only the weakness kem on me agin."

"Thin, in God's name, can't you come back to where you're a hundred times walkum?" said Red, utterly failing to comprehend the girl's delicacy of feeling. "An' av you think you're a burden, sure we'll make you work for the bit you ate."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she wept. "I can't go back at all, at all, Redmond Casey. I'll go along, and may be some wan of the farmers round about will employ me. There are few hands now, God help us!"

"Well, whatever you plase," said Redmond, rising up, and looking down on the white face of the girl. "But before we part, Nodlag, I'd like to clare up wan thing."

Nodlag looked up.

"Did Donal Connors give you me message the day his father was murdered?"

"He did," said Nodlag, the color mounting to her face.

"An' what did you say?" said the young smith watching the play of her features as if life and death hung upon her word. She was silent.

"Did you say 'Yes'"? he demanded.

"You know, I did, Redmond Casey; but why do you torment me now?"

"'Tis you're tormenting me," he replied. "If the same question were put to you now, would it be the same answer?"

"How could it be when things are so different now?" she replied.

"How are they different?" he demanded.

"I didn't know all thin," she replied, "till that dreadful night. I know all now. How can I be the wife of any honest man?"

"That depinds on the man himself," said Redmond, gaily, as he felt he was gaining ground.

"It manes sorrow, and shame to him to have me his wife; it manes every finger pointed agin him; it manes that 'twill be thrun in his face at fair, at Mass, and at market; it manes that nobody will come nixt or nigh him; it manes—" here she stopped suddenly short in her self-accusation.

"An' if wid all the manes and the manings," said Redmond, "he wants you still to be his wife, an' if he will put his smutty fist in the face of the wurruld,"—here Redmond put a literally smutty fist in the face of an imaginary world—"an' if he takes you, as the priest says, 'for betther, for worse,' will you still say, 'No'?"

She looked up into his sooty, honest face, and there was something in that look, for now he took upon him the right of command, and said simply, "Come!"

A few minutes later, she entered the house as its mistress.

"I found Nodlag, mother," said Redmond, "and the divil is in it, if I lave her go agin."

Before the week, Nodlag changed her old name for ever, though we have taken the liberty to retain it, and became Mrs. Redmond Casey.

Chapter XX.—Hagar and Ishmael.

This, then, was the history of Nodlag, told me, from time to time, there in the twilight of his sick-room, by her son, who still retained, after all his travels and the many and varied experiences that tend to harden the human heart, the tenderest and most chivalrous love for his mother. Her strange history—that of a pariah among her own tribe—seemed to separate her in his imagination from all other beings with whom he had been brought in contact; and the singular birth-taint which he had derived from her, and which, as he imagined, would cling around him to the end of his life, identified him in so mysterious a manner with her that he had come to regard himself and her as beings apart, with the destiny of a common misfortune, not of their own making, but inherited. But here, as his own personal experiences commence, I shall give the narrative in the first person and, as far as may be, in his own words. He had read a good deal, picked up a knowledge of some languages, and had cultivated the art of speaking, as most of his countrymen in America strive to do. But the narrative was a sad one. It was Ishmael telling the story of Hagar and himself in the wilderness.

"My earliest recollection of my mother was of a tall, thin woman, very gentle and affectionate, but very reserved in manner. I particularly remember her very bright, blue eyes, and her hair, which she always wore in tiny waves of auburn low down on her temples, and caught up by a fillet behind her ears. She never went from home, but to Mass on Sunday. She seemed to find all the pleasure of life in her domestic duties, in the love of her husband, and the care of her children. When reason began to dawn for me, I was the only child remaining. My two sisters had gone out to service, for owing to emigration and the famine servants were not to be had except at enormous wages. My only brother, too, was apprenticed to a carpenter in the County Limerick. I was the only one left at home; and I got a good deal of petting, which I repaid a hundredfold by such love as son never had before for mother."

Here he stopped, not for the last time, for his emotion subdued him. The shame and sorrow that had hung around his mother's memory had made her dear, very dear to him.

"I only remember," he resumed, "her face and figure, and one small habit she had—of listening at strange times, as if wrapt in a dream, listening as if to the sound of far-off bells, or to a voice calling, calling out of the night. You know, Father, that we who have travelled and seen the world get rid of a good many of these old superstitions; but, somehow, since I came back to Ireland, the glamor of the old times seizes me, and I am really afraid I'd turn back if I saw one magpie on the road. But my mother had that strange habit. She would lean down and listen with her hand to her ear; and sometimes my father would make great fun of it, and say: 'Nodlag! Nodlag! who's calling now?'

"But I had little time to notice things; for as soon as ever I got through Voster and Carpenter's Spelling-Book, I was taken from school and put at the anvil. I had a taste for it, for I remember when very small how I made a valiant effort to pick up a hammer from the floor; and when, after many days' trial, I succeeded, I remember my father shouting 'Hurrah!' and my mother kissed me. Then when I became able to lift and swing the sledge, my father said I had book-learning enough, and now I should do something for my bread.

"Ah! how well I remember that forge and its surroundings,—the great black walls, hung here and there with horseshoes and all kinds of rusty iron-work; the deep night of its recesses that was only lightened by the ruddy blaze from the great fire; the huge bellows which sent sparks dancing all over the coal-strewn floor; the horses coming in, some terrified, some submitting quietly to the operation of shoeing; my father, lifting up the hoof into his leathern apron; the smell of the burnt cartilage; the tap, tap of the hammer; the shrinking of the poor beasts; but most of all, the metallic music that echoed all day long from the anvil, and which beat time in my mind to many an old rune or song about Ireland and her sorrows.

"For that was the first lesson I learned—long before I knew my prayers or my Catechism—that Ireland had suffered, and had been wronged in an appalling manner; and that it was the bounden, solemn duty of every young Irishman to fight for that sad motherland, until her wrongs were avenged, and her rights

achieved. Ah me! how it all comes back, in the light of experience and memory; and how now I understand a hundred little things which even then were a puzzle to me! For the very rebel songs that I hummed as I beat out the long iron rods on the anvils,—'The Risin' of the Moon,' 'The Wearing of the Green;' even the simpler love melodies, such as 'Come, piper, play the Shaskan Reel,'—I noticed were never heard in my father's cottage. Neither did he ever take part in the furious debates that were held in the forge by the boys who used drop in for a chat or on business. He was a silent man; nevertheless, I couldn't understand why he never railed against England, nor broke out into enthusiasm about Ireland. He listened, worked, and said nothing.

"I, on the contrary, was a furious rebel. I out-distanced the most fanatical Fenian there by my diatribes against England. I astonished every one by my quotations from Mitchel, Davis, Emmet. I chaunted the most furious sword-songs I could discover. I electrified every one (at least so I thought) by my declamation of Meagher's Sword-Speech. I lay awake at night, plotting and dreaming how I could fling shells and balls into whole British regiments and annihilate them; I saw myself the hero of a hundred fights. Somehow, my enthusiasm was taken coolly. It fell flat on the souls of these young fellows, whom I knew to be sworn Fenians. They would listen to my most furious oratory, look at one another, and smile. I didn't understand it then; I understand it well now. They did not believe in me. How could they, with all they knew?

"I had grown a great tall lad of sixteen years when the famous rising of 'sixty-seven took place. For weeks before, we young fellows had been out on the hills, not so much engaged in active service ourselves, as scouts or pickets to give warning to the Fenian detachments in valley or wood, of the approach of the police or the red-coats. Many a moonlit night did we watch, shivering in the icy winds that pierced us, through and through; and no thought of danger in our minds, only a fierce jealousy of the sworn soldiers in the great Irish Republic; and a far-off ambition, which set our pulses bounding, that we might attract the notice of some one of the Irish-American officers of whom at that time the country was full.

"I well remember the night poor Crowley was shot in Kilclooney wood. I remember his funeral, down through mountain, town and village, amidst a mourning population, to his grave by the sea. It was an awful evening, and we were gone clean mad with hate and anger. It was then I committed one of the worst sins of my life."

"The Yank" turned round, as if to deprecate my wrath.

"I cursed hot and heavy," he continued, "the priest who refused, for some reason, to have the chapel-bell tolled that evening as we passed, a deep serried mass of men, through the streets of Fermoy."

It brought up at once to memory a picture that had been fading and slumbering away; and, as the whole scene flashed back, I could not help starting with surprise and, perhaps, a little enthusiasm.

"We were mad, mad," he said, regretfully, "and we did curse the Government and that priest."

"He wasn't altogether to blame, my dear fellow," I said, laying my hand on his arm.

"What? how?" said the Yank. "Do you think he was justified in refusing such a little mark of respect to the dead patriot?"

"Perhaps not. I was as mad as yourself about it——"

"What, you? Surely, you weren't there?" he cried in amazement.

"I was," I replied. "I remember that black March evening well. We, a lot of raw, young students were massed on the College Terrace; and I remember how we watched with beating hearts that great, silent, moving multitude of men. But, when the yellow coffin containing the mangled remains of poor Crowley came in sight, swaying to and fro on the bearers' shoulders, we lost ourselves out and out. We saw the body, or thought we saw it, rent, and torn, and bleeding from English bullets; and some of us were crying, and some of us cursing, and more wanted to scale the college walls in spite of priest and bishop. But I knew afterwards, when we had come to the use of reason, that there were at least extenuating circumstances in the administrator's case."

"Perhaps so," he said, incredulously. Then, after a pause:

"But I was about to say as a set-off that I ever after enshrined in my heart of hearts the memory of that young curate, who, more or less at the risk of his own life, knelt by the fallen Fenian, and had his anointing hands stained—no, by the living God," he screamed, sitting up suddenly rigid, whilst sparks seemed to leap from his eyes—"*not stained, but consecrated with the blood shed for Ireland.*"

The paroxysm was so sudden, I was struck dumb, and could only watch him—his livid face, and the blindness of battle in his eyes. Presently the tension relaxed, and his soul came back to his body. But it was an eloquent revelation of what-might-have-been. In that mood, and under that spell, these men of 'sixty-seven would have stormed the gates of hell.

For a few minutes he remained silent. Then, turning around and clenching his right-hand until it was quite bloodless from the pressure, he said, sharply:

"Father?"

"Yes?" I replied.

"Bind your people to you with chains of iron and links of steel. The day the priests are torn from the people is woe, woe to Ireland!"

He paused again, and his great hand relaxed its tension, and the pupils of his eyes contracted, and I saw he had come back to reality once more.

"Pardon me," he said, passing his hand across his forehead, "where was I? I was talking about something. Oh, yes! I was about to say that wherever we were on vidette-duty, on hill, or mountain, or valley, I was never left alone. Other lads were sent out, one by one, and kept their solitary watch, a mile or so apart. I had always a comrade, who stuck to me like a leech. Fortunately, I had such a dislike for 'peelers' and soldiers that I never spoke to one in those days. If I had been seen alone in conference with them, my life would have been forfeit. And here is the curious feature of my story. Not a breath of suspicion ever attached to my father. He was implicitly trusted by the chiefs of the organization. He knew all their secrets. I thought this was because he was so silent and cautious. Possibly. But I know now that suspicion attached only to my mother and me, so tre-

mendous is the importance the Irish attach to 'blood.' His marriage made no difference to Red Casey, so far as the public opinion of his honor and integrity were concerned. My parentage made all the difference in the world to me. I had tainted blood; and nothing will ever get the Irish imagination over that."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said. "We've outgrown all that a long time ago. These things are now forgotten or exploded."

"I wish I could believe it, Father," he replied. "Do you remember my nervous anxiety that neither my name nor history should be known?"

"Perfectly, but I thought, and still think it absurd. Events now succeed each other so rapidly, and the newspapers supply such daily relays of most interesting intelligence, that we have ceased to linger on the past."

"I don't know," he said, dubiously. "The old saying is there, ready to be quoted against me any moment—'What's bred in the blood, will break out in the bone.' Isn't that it?"

There was little use in trying to dissipate such foolish fears. I let him proceed.

"The strangest thing of all was that my father shared the superstition or suspicion. Although deeply attached to my mother, she shared none of his secrets. He left his housekeeping altogether in her hands, but political or other secrets he rigidly withheld. And though I think—nay, I am sure—he loved me, for being like him in appearance, and for my great strength and agility, somehow he never trusted me. When I broke out into my rhodomontades about Ireland's misgovernment and England's perfidy, he was always silent. He never encouraged me. And I knew even then that he had arms concealed in the haggart—a coffin-load of rifle-barrels, well greased, with cartridges to match—but I knew no more where they were than you do."

"I think he was quite right not to trust the discretion of a mere lad," I said.

"It wasn't that," he replied. "He trusted me in all kinds of business matters, but he was silent as the grave there. But the strangest thing of all was, that neither by word nor sign was ever the slightest hint given me that my birth was tainted. You'd imagine that somehow it should transpire. Never. When I heard

my father call my mother 'Nodlag,' I thought it a pet name. That was all. And you know we were brought up so rigidly, and in such strict seclusion from the company of our elders, that there was no chance of my ever discovering the secret. But I often wonder that not one of my schoolmates, in a temper or through mischief, ever hinted at it. Probably they were afraid of me, on account of my great strength and courage; or probably it was some delicacy, such as you often find among our people, that kept them from taunting me with such a terrible and ineradicable birth-taint.

"But it was almost a joke, though a gruesome one, that I should be always so fierce against the detested tribe of informers. Just then the State trials of the prisoners who had taken part in the rising of 'sixty-seven were proceeding in Cork; and my cordial detestation of the Crown prosecutors, especially of 'Scorpion Sullivan,' was nothing to the hatred I had for the wretched approvers who had turned Queen's evidence against their comrades. How I stormed and raged I remember now with a smile. But my companions only listened and said nothing. I called them white-livered poltroons for not flaring up, like myself. They never resented it. They only smiled. I consoled myself by the reflection that I was the only genuine patriot in Ireland."

"A pretty common delusion," I interjected, "and not limited to ardent and impassioned youth, but the attribute of every age and condition. Well, if it is not exactly modest, at least it is not ignoble. Go on!"

"No," said he, with a meaning smile, "even Sam thinks he is the only one left of the race of Emmet and Wolfe Tone."

"Sam has at least one attribute of another kind," I replied. "I caught him listening at the key-hole the last evening I was here."

The Yank was very angry; but what's the use? Sam will be Sam to the end of time. He had made sundry ineffectual attempts to get in to our little conferences. He had several times knocked at the door, with the query:

"Did you ring, sir?"

A few times he suggested:

"Do you want any hot wather, sir?" which I resented.

And a few times he charitably and solicitously reminded the Yank that "this was the toime for his midicine."

But I nearly stumbled over him the last evening I was going out. He was on his knees on the door-mat, his ear glued to the key-hole; but he jumped up in an instant, and began demonstrating with the medicine-bottle and glass, which he had taken the precaution to bring with him.

I looked at him severely; but he was unperturbed; and merely wiped the wine-glass with the napkin. I was genuinely angry.

"Sam?" said I.

"Yes, yer Riverence," he said.

"Sam," said I, "you are a good young man, and a pious young man, and fairly sober, except when you take that 'liminade,' which is bad for you."

"The doctor said, yer Reverence," he replied, but I shut him up.

"I know, I know all that," I said; "you have a 'wake stomach,' etc., etc.; but what I'm coming to is this: The Catechism says, 'We ought always pray,' and I perceive you are trying to carry out the recommendation. But, in future, when the pious fit comes on you, I would recommend you to seek any other place in the hotel except this door-mat ——"

"Pon me sowkens I was only shtoopin' down, ——"

"That'll do," I said. "But remember, one word from me to the American gentleman, ——"

"You wouldn't harrum a poor bye like that, yer Reverence," he pleaded. "God knows ——"

"'Sh," I said. "I want no more asseverations. But less prayers, Sam, and a quiet tongue will do you no harm."

For I heard he had circulated the report around the parish, that the "Yank" was making a "gineral confession"; and that he must have been the "divil's own bhoy," because he had already been at it three weeks; and would probably continue for three weeks longer.

But I must come back to the narrative, which had become very fascinating to me.

Chapter XXI.—The Inevitable.

But there were two friendships, that, without casting any light on the history of the past for me, brightened considerably my young years. The one was with the living, the other with the dead. Donal Connors was the intimate and particular friend of our little family. Unlike other strollers who came into the smithy for a chat or on business, he rarely spent much time at the forge; but he often visited the cottage, where he was always thrice welcome. I could see, even without any information on the subject, that there was some secret tie from the past binding him to our family; for he always assumed an attitude of familiarity which every one else avoided. He came in and out of the kitchen like a member of the family; and I noticed that on all grave occasions he was the only person ever consulted by my father or mother. I had heard, in a dim way, as of a far-off legend, of the tragedy that had taken place at Glenanaar, twenty years before. But my mother's connection with it was carefully concealed from me; and I was too proud or shy to inquire. But neither my father, my mother, nor I, ever visited that lonely cottage up there in the deep saddle of the hills. Of course, I knew Donal's wife by appearance, and it was not attractive. But she never spoke to us, nor we to her. Now, Donal was the only person who showed his deep friendship for me by warning me against my too demonstrative patriotism. Sometimes, in a half laughing way, he would meet all my passionate speeches about Ireland and England by a joke or a smothered rebuke:—

"If you don't keep yourself quiet, young man, believe me, you'll get a hempen cravat some of these days; or make the acquaintance of Botany Bay."

To which I would reply with flashing eyes:—

> "Far dearer the grave or the prison,
> Illumined by one patriot name,
> Than the trophies of all who've arisen
> On Liberty's ruins to Fame."

"I never trusted a man yet who could quote poetry," Donal would reply. "You can't dhrive a pike wid yere tongue."

"Then what about the speech of Emmet or the speech of

Meagher?" I would answer. "Isn't it these burning words that have kindled the fire of patriotism in the breasts of young Irishmen?"

"Yes! But thin, Emmet and Meagher did something theirselves before they thought they had a right to tache others to folly them."

And as I had done nothing beyond sharpening a pike end, I had to be silent.

He must have spoken to my mother, too, to restrain me. For she in her own gentle way gave me sundry warnings to be cautious in my language, and to remember that loud talkers are always more or less suspect.

"Suspect?" I cried. "Who could suspect me? Isn't me life before the world; and who can point to a blot or stain on any one of us?"

Then the hot blood would mount up to her pale face; but, of course, I never understood the reason. So blind are the young, so fortunately blind. It is an ill hand that pulls the veil from their eyes.

The other friendship was with the dead. Every Sunday, on returning from Mass, we had to pass by the old graveyard at Templeroan. How well I remember it, as, holding my mother's hand, we passed from the road through the iron gate, and got in under the shadows of the trees. Many a time I called up the picture from memory, when I was far away—the old ruined Abbey, covered with ivy, the moss-covered gravestones, leaning hither and thither, the great brown lichens on the walls—all things so ancient and time-worn and venerable. You might remember a single grave, Father, right in the centre of the aisle of the old Abbey? The stone is now falling aside, and the inscription is hardly legible; but in my childhood and boyhood it was a fresh modern slab, inscribed: "*Sacred to the memory of Edmond Connors*," with date of death and age. Well, this was the shrine where every Sunday, as long as I remember, my mother and I worshipped and prayed. Here I had to repeat the Litany for the Dead, word by word, after my mother; and then I had to kiss the grass that feathered the grave, and the name on the tombstone. Then we went home together. I never asked questions until I grew to manhood, when

I learned that this old man had given his life for my mother; and I sought to know no more, until the whole revelation came.

Meanwhile, I was rushing on, every day gaining strength and agility. I never knew the taste of fresh meat, or "butcher's mate," as it was called. On Sundays we had a bit of bacon; and at Christmas and Easter, a fowl. But our daily diet was milk, home-made bread, and potatoes, and on these I developed the thews of Anak.

After a little time the excitement about the Fenian rising had died away, and with it a good deal of our boyish enthusiasm. Then came the Gaelic Athletics; and here I easily took the lead, until I became Captain of our team in football and hurling; and I was known over half the county."

"So you did," I exclaimed. "When ballads are written about a man his fame is universal and secure."

"Yes! if it's worth anything," he replied. "I'm not sure that it would not have been better for me to have lain low then, as I desire to do now."

"I don't think that's a manly sentiment," I replied. "Every one must give the world the best that's in him, without fear or hope of reward."

"I never could understand that," he replied. "I can never see why a man should not keep to himself, or for himself, whatever of great or good he possesses."

"Because," I replied, "the reward of genius is labor, and none other has it a right to seek after."

He was silent, brooding over this strange proposition. At length he said:—

"I don't understand it. All I know is that I flung myself into the thick of the fight; and there I met the revelation of the past, and the one great disappointment of my life."

He paused, recalling the historic incidents of his life, and summoning up the ghostly details from the past. Then he went on:—

"Of course you cannot understand it," he said, "but like all other young fellows I fell head over ears in love. I cannot remember now how or where we met; but I think it was coming home from a great hurling match, where I was the laurelled conqueror. These things attract the notice of girls; and I suppose it was then I first met her whose face has been haunting me for a

quarter of a century, and whom I have travelled three thousand miles by land and three thousand miles by water to see once more, and be for ever more blessed or disappointed. But, wherever we met for the first time, we met again and again afterwards, and our trysting-place was a great wide whitethorn tree that grows down there by the road where the plantation of firs cuts off the bare heather from the land that has been reclaimed. I have gone out a few times to see it since I returned home. It seems to have been blasted by lightning or cut away, for it is not half the size of the tree I knew so well.

Our little affair was frowned upon, of course. That is inevitable. I was but a blacksmith, and she was the daughter of a purse-proud, independent father, who expected to see his child married, as he used to say, to "her own aiquals." But she, poor girl, was true as steel. When I heard of her father's objection, I offered to release her; but she refused to be released. Then I faced him. I met him coming home from Mass one Sunday morning. We had never spoken before. If I had had experience, I would not have spoken to him then.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I understand you have an objection to my meeting Nora?"

He looked me all over.

"Who the divil are you?" he said.

"I am Terence Casey," I said, "the son of Redmond Casey the smith of Glenanaar, and as good a man as you any day."

He was speechless with rage.

When he recovered himself, he said with some show of deliberation.

"I don't know you, boy; but this I know—if any child of mine has hand, act, or part with any of your breed, she has my curse for ever and ever."

"'Tis true I'm only a tradesman," I said, "but I can give her as good a life as a broken-down farmer any day."

This went home, for though he had the name of being rich, some people said he was stretching himself too much, and had to borrow money.

"A dacent tradesman," he replied, "is as good as anny other man. 'Tisn't to your trade I object, but to yerself. I'd as soon my daughter would marry the divil as wan of your breed."

"That's your last word?" I asked, full of wonder at the objection to my family.

"The last word," he replied, "but not my last deed, as you'll have raison to remimber if you go anny further in that matther."

I met Nora that evening.

"'Tis to my family your father objects," I said, "not to meself. What fault he has to find with me family, I don't know. We held our heads as high as anny of our nabors. At laste, I never hard a word agen us till now; did you?"

She hung down her head, and said nothing.

"If you share your father's opinions, Nora," I said, "let us part. If you think you lower or demane yerself by marrying me, in God's name, let there be an ind to the matther. We'll part good friends."

She held out her hand. Ah! 'tis well I remimber it. There never yet was a truer woman made by God.

"Ted," she said, "I've promised to be yours. Until you throw me off, no power on earth shall separate us."

And I registered the same promise in my mind, but with the addition of a great oath. Ah, Father, don't wonder that I've crossed the ocean to see her once more. That night and another night I could never forget. Alas! I didn't know then how swift would be the revelation, and how terrible the separation that we deemed impossible.

Of course, I never spoke a word of this at home. Young men are shy about these things; and then, I really didn't know how it would be taken. My own idea was to leave my father's home, if I were married, and open a forge down there near Wallstown or the vicinity, where I was sure, as I thought, of plenty of customers, without interfering with my father's business. I dare say, my father and mother heard of it; but they never alluded to it. My father had an Irish temper, and so had I; and I think he deemed it wiser not to open up matters of crossness before their time. And he was quite right. But sometimes my mother would watch me in a strange, curious way, and then turn away with a sigh.

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(To be continued.)

JULES VERNE AND THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS SITUATION.

I HAD not been long in France last summer when, to use the Gallic phrase, "I descended" at Amiens in order to see the famous cathedral there, and with a vague notion that I might have the precious privilege of a talk with Jules Verne, the distinguished literary man, who lived in that city to the end of his career. God called him a month ago. Short as had been my sojourn on French soil, I was sure that I had been impressed in my reading of French newspapers with one thing especially. Most of the French dailies have quasi-literary departments with *causeries* concerning nearly everything knowable and a few other things besides. These columns, though the expression of only personal views, are often, and particularly for foreigners, the most interesting department of even important French journals. I had been struck with the fact that, while many of the papers were bitterly anti-religious in their sympathies, many of the literary men seemed to be in much less scoffing mood with regard to the Church than they had been when I was in France before. It was as if their spirit of chivalry had been aroused by the unfortunate religious crisis and the sufferings of the Church, and that as a consequence they had come into a much more kindly disposition in her regard.

The day after my arrival at Amiens, I was to find, in my conversation with Jules Verne, that he too cherished the idea that the present crisis for the French Church is not only sure to be the source of good by bringing back many of those who have become indifferent to her claims, but has already accomplished not a little by forcing men of letters especially to take sides between rankest infidelity and faithful adhesion to the Church, because of the political situation. Later I was to find that François Coppée had expressed this idea very forcibly in one of the essays in his little book, *La Bonne Souffrance*, the motto of which is so happily chosen both for his own personal purpose and the present French religious situation: "Infirmitas haec non est ad mortem sed pro gloria Dei."[1]

At the conclusion of his essay, Coppée says: "Is it not a

[1] This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.

remarkable fact, and can it be considered merely a fortuitous accident, that a number of lay writers, altogether independent of one another and without interests in common, utterly disinterested in their motives, since they can only expect as the immediate consequence of their act scoffing and insults, should yet be ready to confess publicly their return to religious beliefs? And is it not a manifest proof that, amid all the ruins accumulated in the sentimental, philosophical, political, and social bankruptcy of the disastrous end of the (nineteenth) century, faith should still remain erect like those imposing cathedrals which, firmly established upon their foundations for so many centuries, attest the irrefragable strength of Christianity and the permanence of the Church?"

Even before I had read Coppée's essay, his own name, together with that of Huysmans and of Ferdinand Brunetière, had occurred as among those of the distinguished French literary men of later years who have returned to the Church in these times of persecution. The last named especially, the distinguished editor of the well-known French magazine *Revue de deux Mondes*, has not hesitated to throw himself into the breach and to battle nobly for the Church which he had abandoned during former years, but to which he now comes back in the time of her stress and trial. Already, then, the persecution is beginning to have the usual result. The losses inflicted upon the Church are at most only material, while the compensation that comes in the increased devotion of her children and the gathering in of the wanderers who have been long outside her fold, is more than enough to make up for the sufferings which her faithful children may have to bear, but are not unwilling to bear.

This idea constituted one of the most encouraging subjects of conversation with the dear old Nestor of French letters, Jules Verne, who bewailed so much the unfortunate crisis of religious affairs in France. It has often been said that French literary men usually depart from the religious principles of their early training, and do not return until death is staring them in the face. This, it must be borne in mind, is true only for a limited number of them, though their conversions, of course, at the end of life are apt to be the subject of no little sensation because of the contrast which the final act suggests with the liberties of thought and print they have

allowed themselves in earlier years. There are not a few distinguished French literary men, however, who remain faithful during long lives to their early religious training, and one of the best examples of these is the universally known novelist with whom I had the pleasure of spending a pleasant hour last August in his charming home at Amiens.

It may be for many rather a surprise to find that Jules Verne is, and always has been, a fervent and faithful Roman Catholic. Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic in his books is the fact that nowhere in them is there any mention of religion. Only in the most general terms does he refer, in the many adventures through which his characters go, to the goodness of God and to the all-directing power of Divine Providence. His books, of course, were not meant to teach religion, but rather to interest in science and to instruct by amusing. This purpose has been accomplished very well, probably all the better because of the absence of any reference to form of religion. Jules Verne himself, however, is by no means the indifferentist one might suppose him to be judging only from his works. But we had not been long in conversation with him, indeed only long enough for him to find that we too were Catholics, before he expressed his sincere sorrow at the present state of affairs in his native country, and told of his fears that the present movement may be, as in the period before the French Revolution, only the prelude to some serious social outbreak in the next generation, which was likely to suffer from the absence of definite religious training.

M. Verne wanted to know at once what was the state of affairs in America with regard to freedom of teaching and the possibility of having religious schools. I told him of our present conditions and of the complete liberty to establish denominational schools, though of course I added that those who sent their children to these schools besides paying the tuition necessary were forced also to pay their share of the taxes for the support of the common schools. He realized how precious a privilege it was to be able to have our own schools. It was not a little difficult, however, to make him understand that the American spirit of fair play, of which he had heard and thought so much, would impose this double tax for school purposes, for such it practically amounts to,

on those who chose to have their children educated under religious auspices. He seemed very glad to learn that I thought it possible that a development of more just feeling was coming in this matte., and that as denominational hospitals now receive State aid, so denominational schools would be eventually helped by State money.

He recurred again and again to the thought that, though the United States and France were sister republics in which freedom was supposed to flourish with corresponding luxuriance, there was no longer any question of liberty of teaching in France. Religious teaching abolished, it seemed to him only a short time until practically all moral education would be at an end. He repeated several times that the great buildings of France had emblazoned on them the words *Liberté*, *Fraternité*, *Égalité*—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—whilst yet there was no real liberty in the French republic; that, indeed, the republican government of France was in certain ways as bitter a tyranny as any under which his loved country had ever been ground down, and that as for fraternity and equality, they were words, words, words, and nothing more.

For M. Verne the Freemasonic associations represent the source of most of the present troubles in France. He was convinced that the lodges are destined to work great harm to his country, unless their influence for evil is recognized and their further progress, which is practically a religious crusade, be prevented. He considered that they are utterly irreligious in spirit and that indeed the Freemasons are endeavoring by substituting certain quasi-religious observances and rites to draw men entirely away from any other from of divine worship of the Deity. Their leaders are endeavoring to usurp the influence held by the authorities of the Church, and to use the success they may acquire to uproot all dogmatic religious teachings.

To an American accustom[illegible] consider the Freemasons as little more than a benevolent organization, this might seem a somewhat radical view. Indeed, one is tempted to think that there must be some mistake with regard to the position that the Freemasons hold in the matter. I should perhaps have been more disposed than most people to hold such a view, because a very prominent

brother physician in Dublin, a leading member of the Freemasons, had insisted on taking me to the rooms of the highest rites of Masons in that city, and had talked very freely of the amount of good that the order was accomplishing in many ways. There was no show of secrecy in his manner, and members of the particular lodge of whom he spoke to me were among the most prominent and at the same time the most conservative noblemen living in Dublin; indeed the head master of that lodge was a member of the Royal family.

But very little experience on the Continent serves to disabuse one of the notion that the Freemasons are nothing more than a benevolent organization. This is especially true of the Latin countries. Certain political revelations of the last few months make this clear even to demonstration. The spying system by which not only all prominent politicians, but their wives and families, and even their female relatives to distant degrees, were under surveillance as regards their attitude toward religion, represents a secret service worse than that under any government however tyrannical, and shows the depth to which Masonry can go, while at the same time entirely justifying M. Verne's assertions as to the order's responsibility for the present politico-religious situation.

It was for the freethinkers, however, that M. Verne reserved his sternest indignation. He said that while pretending to be freethinkers themselves, they seemed not to realize that this should also include the privilege of free thought for others. A person is perfectly free according to them to condemn all religious practices, but he is not free to commend such practices or to take part in them. If he does either of these things, he is to be looked upon as one unworthy of the privilege of free thought and therefore to be distrusted and discountenanced in every way. There must be no freedom of teaching as regards religion, because that is not the form of free thought of the freethinkers. The title "free" to which they lay claim is a mere satire on true liberty and is meant to express only that they are free to enjoy their way of thinking, but refuse to listen to, much less try to understand, those who differ from them in any way.

A rather curious confirmation of M. Verne's ideas with regard

to freethinkers came to us a little later in our continental wanderings when we were down in Italy. Events served to show that evidently the ideas he had expressed on this matter were in many people's minds in France. M. Berthelot, perpetual Secretary of the French Academy of Scientists, was invited to attend the Congress of Freethinkers held in Rome, September 21st, and promised to be present. Later on he must have realized that the Congress would be what it proved to be,—little better than an assemblage of disputatious sore-heads from many countries, with many axes to grind, and anarchistic and socialistic principles to air. Accordingly, instead of making his appearance for the address of welcome at the general session of the Congress on the first day, as had been announced, he sent a letter of regret which was a curious echo of what I had heard from M. Verne at Amiens. He said that it must not be forgotten by those who pretended to be freethinkers that other people had the right to think freely as well as themselves. Unfortunately there is the tendency, he added, "for many who pretend to be freethinkers to limit the freedom of thought of those who differ from them. People may be as firmly convinced of their religious principles as others are of the principles of free thought. They must be granted the privilege of choosing for themselves what their thoughts shall be." The general impression to be gathered from the newspapers of Rome, next day, was that M. Berthelot's letter did not provoke quite as much applause as had been originally anticipated from the reading of a communication sent by so distinguished a scientist.

We had been pleasantly discussing these things for some time, when Mme. Jules Verne came into the room. Her entrance was evidently prompted by a rather natural curiosity to see a visitor from America who had come to call on her husband, but manifestly much more in order to be assured that her Jules was not being imposed on by some over-inquisitive foreigner who was only a curiosity hunter. It was very evident that her solicitude for her husband must constitute one of the most important occupations of her life. Their thoughts on the religious situation were evidently a family affair, and she shared with him the intense feeling of indignation with regard to recent unfortunate developments. The views of Madame Verne have something of an interest all

their own, because she spoke evidently the mind of the French women of her generation. She dwelt with especial emphasis on the cruelty with which the Religious Orders had been treated. Here are gentle women, she said, many of them the daughters of the best families of France, who have chosen as their vocation to teach the children of the nation in a way that would make them happier and better. After having spent many years at their vocation, after having taken vows to continue their lives at it, after having found their happiness in the community life that they had chosen and in the teaching which they saw to be so fruitful of good, they were suddenly turned out as though they had no rights at all to their own happiness, or to the occupations that they had chosen in life. These women did not ask a material reward for their services. They claimed only the privilege of working in the way they thought best, and there was no one even of their enemies who dared impugn their motives or the noble character of their lives. All this counts for nothing, however, under a government that proclaims liberty. They are not allowed to live together in the way that they have chosen, but are compelled to leave their country and find a refuge among strangers.

Mme. Verne said that there was nothing sadder in all the history of the persecution inaugurated against the Church than this exile of France's daughters, who wanted to stay and work for their country, and to train up the future mothers of France, but who would not be allowed to do it in the way they chose. It was not that they were accused of working harm. On the contrary, even their enemies acknowledged the good that the religious were doing. It was not that the people of the country objected to them in any way. On the contrary, they were ready to shed their blood for the nuns. But the government authorities, blinded by a fanatic hatred of everything religious were planning for their own purposes to have teaching without religion, and so the beautiful religious life of France must come to an end.

Sadder than all, she went on to say, this is not only true with regard to the teaching orders, but in many places also for the orders of women who are devoted to the care of the sick, the old, and the poor. These too must go. This, notwithstanding the fact that it would be very hard for many years to supply their

places, and it would cost enormous sums of money to a people already overtaxed, who should have to supply their places by mercenaries less capable and less devoted to duty.

It was very evident that Mme. Verne felt strongly on the subject, and her indignation furnished her with burning words, to mark the shame and disgrace which the politicians had brought on her fair land. One could pardon her for blaming the men of France for failing in their obligations to form a united front against the political measures forced into effect by the few radical and determined leaders who were supported by the secret societies. At this point Monsieur Verne interposed to calm the indignation of his spouse.

Mme. Verne, with what is perhaps characteristic Continenta curiosity, took occasion from the breaking off of our theme to catechise their visitor. She wanted to know: was he married? Unfortunately he was not. Madame Verne seemed very disappointed and wanted to know why. When told that the American women were not easy to get as wives, and that American girls were not very anxious to marry, she became a little dubious, and said that she had seen many of them and liked them very much; that is, she added, "I liked them for their fine, strong, healthy looks, and their fondness for outdoor exercise, though not always for their taste in dress." She ventured also to hint that their independence of spirit and matter-of-fact ways in public were not quite to her liking. She almost scoffed at the idea which suggested itself of their not caring to attract men. She formulated this sentiment in attractive French epigram which gained considerably in point by her manner and intonation, and I can only reproduce by the remotest suggestion of a translation: "They look entirely too attractive not to really wish to attract."

Jules Verne himself agreed that the young American women one saw in France were not only beautiful and lively, but truly intellectual and charmingly appreciative of what was best in art and letters. Indeed both seemed to think that the one feature of our American life that redeemed it from much of its sordidness was the opportunity afforded to women for higher education, though Mme. Verne could not help but turn a little aside to deprecate mildly the undue freedom of manners and of intercourse with the world for which such culture offered at times a pretext.

M. Verne proved indeed on close acquaintance to be all that one's fancy might paint the successful writer of children's stories that he has always been. It must, I thought, as I looked at him, be a precious consolation to feel that one has interested, amused, and instructed many millions of children. M. Verne is growing gracefully old with such consolatory reflections to make old age quite happy. Until this last year or two he has been able to continue his work, but his sight has failed somewhat and has impaired his habitual industry. His failure of vision was due to a cataractous condition which he had hoped to have removed by medical treatment.

I found an opportunity of turning the conversation upon the estimate he set upon his own work, and found that he himself cherished no illusions with regard to any serious scientific value that might be attributed to his books. He said: "You know after all, it is only the play of science that I have succeeded in introducing into my books. I realize very well," he added, "that it is not because of their scientific interest that they have been popular, but because they were clever stories of which the end could not always be foreseen. Besides, they were perfectly harmless. They said nothing about religion. They let moral questions as a rule absolutely alone, and topics that might wound delicate consciences were not even hinted at in them; so that parents were perfectly willing to have their boys and girls read them. That is the secret of their popularity rather than the assumption that they conveyed any valuable information, though I have always flattered myself that they probably did considerable good by awakening a curiosity as to scientific progress in the minds of young folks and so prepared them for serious study when its proper turn came."

The old gentleman was of course entirely too modest in his unselfish depreciation of the merit of his stories, though the fault is not one usual with men of his advanced age who had really accomplished good work. His books have a much more serious scientific significance than he would seem to give them. There are not a few of our modern applications of science to industry and manufacture, to transportation and the other conveniences of civilization that were anticipated in Jules Verne's works. To take

one noteworthy example: any one who recalls all that Captain Nemo had succeeded in accomplishing, will realize that Jules Verne was anticipating the very last results of the scientific application of electricity. After all, even the submarine boat, which Captain Nemo insists on having serve for his tomb, and which in *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* had been the main element of the story, is an anticipation more perfect than anything that has yet been accomplished in the construction of submarine vessels. The problem is worked out with a completeness that makes it seem so simple as to be obvious and that renders the story one of the most simply convincing of all that Verne has written.

The reader will not think it amiss if I here add some biographical notes which I gathered after my visit.

Jules Verne was born at Nantes, February 8, 1828. He went to school in his native town and later graduated at the University there. When scarcely twenty, he proceeded to Paris and studied law. Like so many other Frenchmen who sought the metropolis for a similar purpose, young Prosper Merimée, the Daudets, Sainte Beuve, and others, he soon found that literature was much more attractive than the dry bones of legal studies. Accordingly he began to write. Before he was twenty-one years old, he had collaborated on two comic operas, *Le Colin Maillard* and *Les Compagnons de la Marjolaine.* When he was just twenty-two, a comedy in verse, *Les Pailles Rompées* ("The Broken Straws"), was brought out at the theatre of the Gymnase in Paris and scored more than a *succes d'éstime.* After this he seems to have contributed to various journals and magazines, and a few years later another of his comedies, *Onze Jours de Siège*, appeared.

His success in literature, however, up to this time had only been that of hundreds of others when, in 1863, he published in the *Magazine of Education and Recreation*, which was under the control of Hetzel, the publisher, his first Verne story, *Five Weeks in a Balloon.* As every school boy now knows, this presumed to be the record of a trip of five weeks in a balloon through the hitherto unexplored parts of Africa, and was supposed to be composed from notes taken by Dr. Ferguson, one of the explorers on the trip. The story met with immediate and almost

enthusiastic success. It was translated into other languages within a year or two, and attracted widespread attention. There was evidently a demand for this class of story, and Jules Verne was just the one to respond to the demand. Stories of the same kind flowed from his pen year after year, many of them appearing in Hetzel's *Magazine of Education and Recreation*, a few, however, being published independently. As time went on, he became accustomed to publish them simultaneously in seven or more languages.

Most of us still remember what an event it was in our boyhood days to see the announcement that a new story by Jules Verne was about to appear. How the interest in this magician of fiction waxed among boys, but also among girls, as first the *Mysterious Island* in 1874, *The Voyage of the Chancellor* in 1875, *The Other Parts of the Mysterious Island* in 1876, and *Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar*, in 1878, followed one another in unbroken succession. For the younger portion of the reading public at least, a new book by Jules Verne was an international event. It was comparatively easy to know what Christmas present to get for the growing boy then, and Santa Claus could bring him nothing likely to be more acceptable than Jules Verne's latest story.

They were much more than merely acutely interesting stories for children. In their delightful simplicity and straightforwardness of style there was a distinct literary quality that won recognition even from the professed literary critics and raised them far above the level of the passing romance of the day.

Many of Jules Verne's books have been crowned by the Académie Française, and few works have better deserved the honor. In 1872 the secretary of the Academy said in his annual report: "The old-time wonders of fairyland are replaced in M. Jules Verne's stories by a new source of the marvellous drawn from the inspiration found in the progress of modern science. The interest so skilfully worked up and sustained is turned to the profit of the reader by the precious instruction gained. Readers invariably take away with them, besides the pleasure of having acquired new knowledge, the desire to learn more about the wonders of science with which they have been brought so inti-

mately in contact. A true scientific curiosity is aroused." The *Grande Dictionnaire* says, that "while his stories were written for the young, they have the real merit of pleasing all ages."

There are not a few of those interested in biology at the present time and in other forms of science, who would be only too glad if the supposedly scientific books that were written for children maintained anything like the closeness to truth which is usual in Jules Verne's stories. Modern nature studies have not infrequently been thrown into the form of novels for the young, but writers have unfortunately often had a purpose quite apart from the mere giving of information. Books take the form of animals that writers have known, endowed with impossible qualities of intellect so closely approaching the human that it becomes almost impossible for the child-mind to appreciate that there is an essential distinction between the intelligence of animals and man. Or nature studies take the form of tracts written in support of Darwinism or some other theory of evolution. We have had the pretty stories of the butterflies, wonderfully protected by their colors, and of fishes and other animals coming under the same category, which have had to be corrected afterwards and which, now that the passing of Darwinism has become one of the stock subjects in all biological magazines, are seen to have been a good deal more fiction than anything that Verne wrote, but with unfortunate tendencies in the matter of unsettling conservative thought with regard to great truths, such as his works were never guilty of.

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NOTES ON THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "DIES IRAE."

THE following articles by the Rev. Mr. Warren and the Rev. Dr. Henry conclude the series of papers on the *Dies Irae*. The Hymn has thus been adequately treated in respect both of its proper rendition into English and of its more general literary history. Should any of our readers, however, desire to supplement the treatment with quotation or reference, we should be grateful for the courtesy; and we take this occasion to acknowledge the kindness of those who have called our attention to

several translations into English which had escaped the notice of previous bibliographers of the Hymn.—THE EDITOR.

STANZAS XI—XVIII.

By the late C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

11. Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Like other lines in the Hymn, this first line is doubtless taken from the Vulgate, in Ps. 94: 1, "Deus ultionum"; retained as the title of the Psalm in the English Prayer-book version. This has been from the first translated as in the familiar beginning, "O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth," and we may take such to be the primary meaning here.

But most translators have taken the passing on of the interpretation to the subject now in hand, according to Isaiah's verse, 35: 4, "Your God will come with vengeance," as thus—

"Thou just Judge of vengeance due,
Pardon of my sins renew,
Ere the reckoning day ensue."

—DYMOCK.

Other versions, of course, there are which so far as this first line is concerned are not unsatisfactory, but throughout they satisfy not: as where a writer begins with such a line as *Mighty Judge of retribution*, and going on successfully it may be with *Grant the gift of absolution*, is forced to close with *Ere the day of restitution*, or *execution*, or *dissolution*, or even *prosecution*—a lame and impotent conclusion. I know that an apology is due for lapsing into such a style of fault-finding; but it is hard to resist the temptation; and a man who deliberately chooses the difficult double rhymes when he might choose the easier single ones, has not so much right to claim forbearance, unless it be his firm conviction that he has no right to abandon the exact metre of the original; and even then it may be answered that the necessity is but imaginary, and the thought therefore nothing more than a delusion.

The third line supplies another of the many instances of Thomas of Celano's use of Scriptural language. *Ratio* is the word used by the Vulgate in the parables both of the Unmerciful Servant (Matt. 18)

and of the Talents (Matt. 25). The allusion is of course directly to the latter of the two parables, where the original phrase is "venit dominus . . . et posuit rationem." The corresponding English word every one will remember, "the lord of those servants cometh and reckoneth with them," and it has happened here what has not always happened in such cases, that the word *reckoning* has been very often adopted in the versions. Curiously enough too the Revised New Testament has adopted the identical participial form, altering the translation from *reckoneth* to *making a reckoning.*

Line i. — Judge, all but universal; avenger, dispenser; just, 21; righteous, 19; dread, great, severe, mighty, supreme, impartial, inexorable; vengeance, 8; retribution, 6; decision, 3; recompense, 2; decree, 1; penalty, 1.

Line ii.—Remission, 14; absolution, 9; pardon, 7; forgiveness, 2.

Line iii.—(Day of) reckoning, 19; accounting, 5; execution, 4; inquisition, 3; assizes or assize, 3; retribution, 2; restitution, 2; dissolution, 2; prosecution, 1; decision, division, revision, exaction, revealing, declaring, review, punishment, agony.

12. Ingemisco, tanquam reus:
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

"Reus" in the first line is not merely one against whom a charge may be brought, but one against whom a charge actually is brought; for the soul looks upon herself as already accused, if not, so to say without irreverence, "committed for trial"; this is shewn by the line *quem patronum rogaturus.* But there are very few translators (of those who are categorical; many as usual are vague and indistinct) who have thus marked out the word; one is Mr. D. T. Morgan—

"As one condemned I sigh apace;
All scarlet is my guilty face;
Lord, to a suppliant grant Thy grace."

With regard to the second line, we must remember that the soul is *still in the body* while she speaks; forgetfulness of this led "O," in the *Christian Remembrancer*, 1825, greatly struck with the seeming absurdity of attributing blushes to a disembodied spirit, to offer the following singular apology—

"Abashed and guilty would I kneel,
In blushes deep my shame conceal,
Could ghosts thus utter what they feel."

The two ways of turning the last line are to retain the impersonality of the original *supplicanti*, or to define it by adding *me*, or in some like manner; there are good versions of both kinds, and it is a matter on which opinions may very well be allowed to differ; still, however, perhaps the former plan is preferable—it is better on the whole to be literal while you can. As to such an ending as "thy suppliant groaning," or "moaning," this must be avoided at all risks; and more certainly still, if one of these words has been used in the first line, the other must not be rhymed with it in the third. I am indeed not very sure that they are now sufficiently dignified to be used at all.

Line i.—Groan, 32; sigh, 5; grieve, 2; mourn, 2; wail, sob. Guilty or guilt, 20; guilty creature, 2; guilty thing, 1; culprit, 7; condemned, 4; convicted, 2; arraigned, wretched, malefactor.

Line ii.—Shame, 22; guilt, 11; sin, 3. Blush (verb or noun), 25; flush, 3; burn, 5; dye, 5; sting, 1. Crimson, 7; scarlet, 2; red, 1. Face, 18; cheek, 10; *each* cheek, 1; brow, 4; feature, 2; visage 1.

Line iii.—Spare, 39; hear, 5; pity, 3; (grant or give) grace, 6; mercy, 5. Suppliant, 37; who supplicate, 1; supplicating cry, 1; beseecher, 1. God, 24; Lord, 16; Jesu, Saviour, Holy One.

13. Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti;
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

We come in this verse to another various reading worthy of notice. There can be no doubt that *Qui Mariam* as here given is the correct reading; but the same Paris Missal mentioned under verse 1 reads *Peccatricem*, and as there, so here too, alters the reading without any authority. It used to be held almost, so to say, as an article of faith, that the woman whose anointing of our Lord's feet is recorded in Luke 7 was no other than Mary Magdalene; opinion on this point began to change almost immediately after the Reformation (leading to the omission of St. Mary Magdalene's Day, 22d July, from the Second

Book of King Edward) . . . As this latter opinion grew, it would seem that editors (which few men would now do) considered themselves at liberty to alter the text of the Hymn accordingly; but there can surely be no objection to keeping the original reading as showing the old opinion, . . . any more than there can be in verse 1 to keeping *Teste David cum Sibylla*, even if the introduction of the Sibyl to a Christian hymn be thought questionable; and thus those translators, not very many, who have taken *Peccatricem* to turn, must be considered mistaken; their tabulation will as usual be given hereafter. Mr. Russell's doubt on this point has caused the very general line, "Peace Thy love to faith declared"; Dr. Coles is inconsistent with himself, for in his original he gives *Mariam*, and yet in two versions he translates *Peccatricem*.

In Doctor Coles' thirteenth version, a professed paraphrase, there is a rendering of some beauty—

> "When Mary Thy forgiveness sought,
> Wept, but articulated nought,
> Thou didst forgive; didst hear the brief
> Petition of the dying thief."

And one more version of his, which must be noticed as the only one to introduce the occasion on which Mary, as supposed, was absolved, is this—

> "Thou didst smile *on Mary's unction*,
> Tearful love and deep compunction,
> On the dying thief's confession."

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise"; so said our Saviour to the dying thief, and Paradise is not the same as Heaven; but there are writers who have disregarded this and given such a line as *Thou who ledst the thief to heaven*, or *Thou didst call the thief to heaven*; though such a one as *To the thief Thou openedst heaven*, or *didst promise heaven* may be passed as only expressing the implied promise of heaven necessarily to succeed paradise, not, like the others, its actual enjoyment by the thief. The error is an important one, for it involves—or it would involve if it were likely the translators thought what they were writing—nothing less than a denial of the Intermediate State; to which doctrine the slight attention paid by Protestantism has been and is one of the greatest blemishes of that religious system. Thomas of Celano has hinted at no doctrine in his original,

and therefore we are not bound to do so in our translations; but if we do, let us at least do like the awkward lines of Mr. Hoskyns-Abrahall, and hint at a correct one—

"Thou to Mary from pollution
Didst pronounce full absolution,
Nor wast to the felon dying
E'en Thy paradise denying."

The third line is a distinct avowal that hope has been given, and it is therefore wrong to turn it into a petition for the giving of hope, as is done by two versions of very opposite character; a Roman Catholic one—

"Thou who Mary of the garden
And the dying thief didst pardon,
Grant e'en me hope's heavenly guerdon."

—C. KENT.

and a Presbyterian one—

"Thou didst save the woman pleading,
And the thief beside Thee bleeding;
Grant me hope like pity needing;"

—DR. MACGILL.

and to this must be added that the hope still exists, the whole tenor of the verse rests in it; therefore Mr. Cayley in the *Church Times*, *(Thou) Once to me a hope appearedst*, is also wrong as hinting that the hope is gone. While a mistake of a different kind is in this—

"Thou to Mary gavest remission,
And didst hear the thief's petition;
Hope shall also cheer my vision."

—DR. WALLACE.

Mrs. Vansittart is altogether singular in introducing the legendary name of the thief from the Gospel of Nicodemus (Ante-Nicene Library, xvi, 187)—

"A pitying ear in mercy lend
As erst to Dismas Thou didst bend
And hope to Magdalen extend."

Lord Roscommon has also what I believe to be a unique version—

"Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief
Hast given me hope, *now give relief.*"

Line i.—Mary, 50; Magdalene, 10; Mary Magdalene, 1; Magdalēnē, (four syllables[1]), 1; Mary of the garden (John 19: 41), 1; adulteress, 1; harlot (an American variation of Dr. Irons), 1; sinner, 3; her that sinned, frail one, lost one, sinner grieving, woman pleading, woman crying.
Line ii.—Thief, 61; robber, 13; malefactor, 1; heaven, 9; paradise, 1.
Line iii.—(Hope) hast given, etc., 36; give, etc. (a prayer), 6.

14. Preces meae non sunt dignae;
Sed Tu, bonus, fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

There is here another various reading: the Hammerlein Codex has in the second line *bonas*, which Daniel prefers ("Placet Haemmerlini lectio"), but I find that hardly any translators have taken it except William Drummond of Hawthornden—

"My prayers imperfect are and weak,
But worthy of Thy grace them make,
And save me from hell's burning lake."

The translation of the first line is usually fairly literal, though, of course, some writers have added another word to *prayers*, as Dr. Macgill—

"*Vows* and prayers can save me never,
Grace alone can me deliver
From the fire that burns for ever."

or an American calling himself *Somniator*—

[1] This syllabification, by the way, is quite wrong. The feminine nature of the word gives it a false appearance of correctness; but, in fact, the *e* is not the long *e* of the Greek, but the mere silent terminal of the English, nor to be sounded any more than in the stock cases of Urbane, and the Libertines, and the Nicolaitanes. If it is to be considered Greek, the form Maria also should be used; to make half the name English and half Greek is an incongruity. However, good writers have fallen into such an error as this; *cf.* Byron—

"Thus Nature played with the stalactites,
And built herself a chapel of the seas."
The Island, iv, 7.

"All worthless are my prayers and *tears*,
But be Thou greater than my fears,
Lest flame consume my endless years;"

or substituted one for it, as Father Aylward *cry*—

"Worthless though my feeble *cry*,
Help me, gracious Lord, or I
Burn in flames that never die,"

or some others *petition*, being particularly useful in its capacity of a rhyme for *perdition*. Dr. Robertson's line is, *Worthless all my tears and turning;* which last word thus used alone without anything to define or explain it, is hardly intelligible—but *this* had to rhyme with *burning!* Others have expanded the idea, as Archdeacon Rowan—

"Unworthy Thee my *purest* prayer,
Yet, gracious Lord, Thy servant spare,
Doomed else eternal fire to share."

The second line is well turned by Dr. Coles thus—

"My prayers are worthless, well I know,
But, good, do Thou Thy goodness shew,
And save me from impending woe,"

which verse, if *unending* were read for *impending*, might be among the best renderings. One or two others also have like expressions, as Mrs. Charles—

"All unworthy is my prayer,
Gracious One, be gracious there,
From the quenchless fire O spare."—

but on the whole the lines representing this second one are often somewhat indefinite.

In the third line I am inclined to think that the use of the word *burn* should be avoided, I mean as employed of the passive agent; it seems to have something about it of an undignified sound rather difficult to explain, and it will be remembered that the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* have altered it in Father Caswall's well-known translation of St. Francis Xavier—

"My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally."

And perhaps one of the best ways of turning the verse, both so as to avoid this word and for other reasons, is something thus—

"My prayers are all unworthy Thee,
Yet of Thy goodness favor me,
Lest endless fire my portion be,"

—H. J. MACDONALD.

or thus—

"Though my prayers deserve no hire,
Yet, good Lord, grant my desire,
I may 'scape eternal fire."

—JAMES DYMOCK.

The ten-syllable triplet of the *Sacred Heart*, 1880, is thus, alluding to Mary Magdalene's prayer—

"Not that my prayers with Thee like power may claim,
But that Thy love and pity are the same
To save us from the everlasting flame."

The Lamp of 1856 has a verse containing a curious line—

"Through Thee my thoughts to heaven aspire;
Thy mercy can withstand Thine ire,
And save me from avenging fire."

Mr. Simms' line is also rather singular, *I pray, yet prayer is not my plea*. The Earl of Crawford introduces the word *Gehenna*—

"Worthless are my prayers, I know,
Yet in mercy spare me, so
Shall I 'scape Gehenna's woe,"

and one other singularity which may be noted is that of a Roman Catholic writer who plainly refers the *ignis, perennis* though it be, to purgatory—

"Worthless though my prayers, benignly
Save me by Thy grace, divinely
Stretched midst *purging* fires supinely."

—CHARLES KENT.

Line i.—Prayer or prayers, 67; petition, 3; cry, 2; supplication, pleading. Worthless, 28; unworthy, 12; vain, 2; poor, 2; weak, unavailing, imperfect, valueless.

Line ii.—Good, 5; gracious, 4; benign, 2; mild, dear.

Line iii.—Fire or fires, 23; flame or flames, 22; hell, 5; woe, 4; perdition, 3; pain, Gehenna. Endless, 18; eternal, 17; unending, 6; for ever, 6; undying, 3; quenchless, 3; deathless, 2; everlasting, 2; lasting, 1. Burning, 11.

15. Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

To take the words as they stand before us, one would think that in the face of the text "He shall set the sheep on the right hand, but the goats on the left," there would be no hesitation in translating the verse literally. Yet for some strange reason not a few writers seem loath to use the word *goats* even where they use that *sheep*. They might have had the authority of Ben Jonson's "Elegy on Lady Digby"—

"Indeed she is not dead, but laid to sleep
In earth till the last trump awake the sheep
And goats together, whither they must come
To hear their Judge and His eternal doom."

Two writers, on the other hand, have used *goats* without *sheep*, and two for *sheep* have substituted *lambs;* much as Wiclif of old, perhaps it may be said, substituted *kids* for *goats*. Another turning not uncommon is to make the necessary distinction by contrasting the words *flock* and *herd*, usually of course with some epithet, though there is one case where they are used alone, thus—

"Midst the flock O make my station,
From the herd in separation;
At Thy right be my vocation."
—Dr. Krauth, *Philadelphia.*

One writer has the following line, as if sheep never had horns (this, however, is a little hypercritical, for there is no doubt that most men's first idea of a sheep is of a hornless beast)—

"Shepherd, midst thy flock enfold me,
Nor with *hornèd* herd behold me,
Having on Thy right enrolled me."

This is by Mr. Charles Kent. One or two other singularities are these—

"'Mongst the sheep grant me a stand,
Drive me from the goats' cursed band,
Placing me on Thy right-hand."

—PATRICK CAREY.

"'Mid Thy sheep be my place given,
Far the goats *from me be driven*,
At Thy right-hand fixed in heaven."

—W. R. WILLIAMS.

where the expression, strangely enough, is the exact reverse of Carey's.

Archbishop Trench well shows the simple style which here, as always, should be preferred—

"'Mid Thy sheep my place command
From the goats far off to stand;
Set me, Lord, at Thy right-hand."

Line i.—Sheep and goats, 50; sheep (alone), 7; *Thy* sheep, 37; lambs, 2; right-hand flock, 1; the flock, 1; Thy flock, 1; Thy friends, 1; chosen (subst.), 1; chosen (adj.), 3; blessed (adj.), 2; blessed (subst.), 1; favored, holy, elected.

Line ii.—Goats (alone), 3; he-goats, 1; goat-like race, 1; "goatish" band, 2; unwashed and sordid, 1; unhallowed band, unholy band, brutish band, convicted band, ungodly band, condemned band, sinful band; apostate race, wicked race; accursed line; guilty nation; cursed (subst.), vile, dark, foul, lost, evil.

Line iii.—Right-hand, 45; right-side, 2; right (alone), 15; Thy side.

16. Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis;
Voca me, cum benedictis.

In the versions of Sylvester and Drummond, and in others beside, the word *confutatis* is left untranslated. This is a piece of carelessness which the translators probably allowed themselves from failing to perceive its full force; this I imagine to be not simply that the cursed are put aside, but that they are put down by words—in short, "confuted;" that is to say, that the divine answer, "Inasmuch as ye did it not, etc.," was in Thomas of Celano's mind. It would not be easy

to express this fully in English, unless by the use of this very word *confuted;* few if any translators have adopted it in literal versions, except in one somewhat unmeaning line which I have seen, *When hard speeches are confuted.* Nor indeed is it necessary to do so; but at least the word, having a fuller meaning than many writers seem to have found upon the surface, must not be totally omitted.

A good translation is this, though hardly simple enough by reason of the duplication of epithets on the flame—

> "When the accurst are put to shame,
> Banished to fierce devouring flame,
> Then with Thy blessed call my name."
>
> —R. M'CORKLE.

Line i.—Accursed or cursed, 33; wicked, 8; lost, 7; damned, 3; condemned, 3; doomed, 2; reprobate, 2; foes, 2; vile, guilty, sinners, scorners.

Line ii.—Flame or flames, 40; fire, fiery, 9; hell, 5; burning, 3; torment, tormenting, 5; devouring, 6; fierce, 6; penal, 2; direful, scorching, piercing, bitter, keen; eternal, everlasting, never-ending, never-dying, quenchless.

Line iii.—Blessed or blest, 34; saints, 9; child, children, 2; elect, chosen, ransomed, saved, redeemed.

> 17. Oro, supplex et acclinis,
> Cor contritum quasi cinis,
> Gere curam mei finis.

This last verse of the Hymn seems on the whole to have tried translators as much as any; not that there is any difficulty in the actual rendering of the words, for the two first lines at any rate are extremely clear, and there is hardly a possibility of mistake; but it seems not to have been found easy to put the simple and pathetic Latin into equally pathetic and simple English. There are indeed few versions to be found at the same time literal, simple, and correct—for there has been a very common failure, which will be mentioned directly, to see the full meaning of the last line. One of the best is Isaac Williams—

> "Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
> My bruised heart to ashes rend,
> Care Thou, Lord, for my last end;"

the mistake is in the confusion of metaphor in the second line—you cannot turn a thing into *ashes* by *rending* it; what the original does is to *compare* the heart to ashes, but not to state how it may be imagined to have *become* such.

With regard to that word *cinis* itself, *ashes*, as it is the most common, so it is the best English; Mr. Mackellar adds the epithet *gray; clay* is not applicable, and *cinders*, though used by two or three, and even by Father Caswall, has a ludicrous sound, and besides is incorrect; *cinis* is not a cinder or cinders. Nor is it beneath our dignity to remember that though coal was of course not unknown when Thomas of Celano wrote, yet in all probability *wood*-ashes were in his mind, to which as far as I know the word *cinders* is never applied. Again, how far more dignified a simile to compare the contrite heart, the worn-down heart, to the fine powder of wood-ashes, than as Father Caswall seems to do, to the rough, hard cinder of coal! *Acclinis* I take to be not strictly speaking *prostrate*, as some have turned it; *bending*, *bowing*, *kneeling*, all of which are common enough, are nearer to the true meaning.

The mistake just mentioned which many translators have made in the last line is in limiting the meaning of *finis* to that which we commonly call death—that is, the separation of soul and body. Though this is no doubt included, *finis* is *the end* in the widest sense, *i.e.*, the doom of the soul at the Day of Judgment, which forms the whole subject of the Hymn.

Line i.—Suppliant, 20; prostrate, etc., 15; low or lowly, 15; bend, etc., 16; bow, etc., 6; kneel, etc., 4; downcast, prone.

Line ii.—Contrite, etc., 22; crushed, 11; bruised, 3; broken, 3; scorched, dry; ashes, 22; dust, 15; cinders, 3; clay, 2; embers, 1.

Line iii.—End, etc., 23; death, etc., 16.

18. Lacrimosa dies illa,
Quâ resurget ex favillâ,
Judicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus:
Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis Requiem.

It has already been shown that this so-called eighteenth verse is probably not part of the original Hymn, and thus some translators

have omitted it altogether, though on the other hand more than might be expected have inserted it. But more freedom has been taken with it than with any other part, for the original metre of couplets has often been altered into the triplets of the Hymn's main body; it is perhaps a mistake to do this, for the change of metre is not without its beauty, and to give this up without a reason seems useless—musical considerations may probably in some cases have been the reason.

It is a want of exactness not to notice that the *favilla* of this eighteenth verse is of course the *favilla* of the first; Mr. Copeland's version brings this out very clearly, thus—

(First verse.)

"Day of doom, that day of ire;
Earth shall sink in crumbling fire,
. . . . . .

(Last verse.)

Day of tears, that day of ire,
Which shall from the crumbling fire
. . . . . ;"

but several writers have passed it over, and instead of *earth's* ashes have made the *favilla* to be *man's* ashes, or modified their own idea into that of a grave or tomb, or even given it some "slight poetical amplification," as the late Dr. Dykes once euphemistically described wordiness, in some such way as this—

"O that day of lamentation
When from his *dark habitation*
Man shall rise to hear his sentence;
Spare him, God, on his repentance."

The *Requiem*, as it is sometimes called *par excellence*, or the *Suspirium*, as Daniel names the last two lines, is what perhaps may be termed the most crucial point in the whole Hymn. Containing as it does, a distinct "prayer for the dead," its translation instantly shews its translator's bias. One Roman Catholic has, as in a former verse, and with even less authority, gone out of his way to introduce purgatory—

"Spare me, Lord, Thy mercy shewing,
Jesus, Thy sweet rest bestowing
On them '*mid the clean flame glowing.*"

And (a lighter comment) the professional ideas of Mr. Epes Sargent, the American barrister-poet, have been at the last too much for him, causing him to write[2]—

> "When, that day of tears impending,
> From his ashes man ascending
> *At Thy bar* shall be attendant,
> Spare him, God, *spare the defendant.*"

The best translation that I have found is both Roman Catholic and American, from the *Catholic Manual*, N. Y., 1870, where the metre is changed to a ten-syllable line, thus—

> "O bounteous Jesus, Lord for ever blest,
> Give faithful souls departed endless rest."

Mr. Simms' version on the other hand is a *six*-syllable triplet—

> "Lord Jesus, to Thy knee
> In life and death we flee;
> Vouchsafe us rest in Thee,"

and it is the solitary instance of a return to triplets after the use of couplets in agreement with the original in the first part of the verse.

Mr. Hay in his paraphrase has kept the original Latin in the last line, thus—

> "O that day of lamentation,
> When in sudden consternation
> All the doomed shall hide their face;
> Spare them, spare them, God of grace;
> Lord, we bend to Thee for them,
> *Dona eis requiem!*"

The word *requiem* alone is also used by the *Catholic Choralist*, 1842, and Mr. Thomas, 1867. For printing *Dona eos requie* to preserve the rhyme—as it were "Gift them with rest"—I can, though I have once seen it done, find no authority.

[2] In the same way Dr. Coles the physician has written—

> "When I enter death's dark portal,
> Feebly beats the *pulse aortal.*"

COMMENT ON THE "DIES IRAE."

Stanzas XI—XVIII.

XI.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

XI.

Just Judge of vengeance,
Grant the gift of pardon
Ere the day of accounting.

XII.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

XII.

I groan like one condemned;
My face reddens with guilt;
The suppliant spare, O God.

XIII.

Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

XIII.

Who didst absolve Mary,
Who didst hearken to the thief,
To me also Thou gavest hope.

Mr. Warren interprets the line *Juste Judex ultionis:* "Just Judge of the punishment, that is, I suppose, of the proportioning of it to a man's deeds." The word *ultio* occurs in the Vulgate: "Deus ultionum Dominus, Deus ultionem libere egit. Exaltare qui judicas terram" ("The Lord is the God to whom revenge belongeth; the God of revenge hath acted freely. Lift up Thyself, thou That judgest the earth").[1] There is no need of refining with extreme precision; for the sense of the verse seems to be that of Deuteronomy (32 : 35), "Mea est ultio, et ego retribuam in tempore" ("Revenge is Mine, and I will repay in due time").

That *reus* should be rendered *condemned* rather than *accused* appears to be demanded by the verse following:—

Culpa rubet vultus meus,

in which the "defendant" (or "accused") admits the charge and is virtually "condemned" already. Besides, a mere "accusation" should not cause apprehensive groanings such as the poet pictures.

The line

Qui Mariam absolvisti

has been changed into

Peccatricem absolvisti,

perhaps for the reason that St. Luke does not name the *peccatrix* who anointed the feet of our Lord.

[1] Ps. 93 : 1, 21.

Lord Roscommon's version of this stanza:—

> Thou who wert moved by Mary's grief,
> And by absolving of the thief
> Hast given me hope, now give relief!

includes the technical word "absolving" used so frequently and in this unique sense by Catholics. In the second stanza, Roscommon renders the third verse —

> Shall have few *venial* faults to find.

Mr. Orby Shipley contended in the *Dublin Review* (January, 1883, and October, 1884) that the version ascribed to Roscommon was not improbably Dryden's in reality. He thinks that at least an "indirect argument" might be based on the words "venial" and "absolving" occurring, as we have just seen, in this version. "A further indirect argument might be raised for a non-Protestant origin of the version, from its Catholic phraseology, which will be apparent on reading, amongst other triplets, the second and thirteenth, in which the author speaks of the 'venial' faults of mankind, and of the 'absolving of the thief.' With the exception of two Protestant translators, who use the term 'shriven,' perhaps none other non-Catholic has employed the later technical phraseology. No one, probably, besides the author, has used the former in his rendering of *Dies Irae*. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that the concluding stanza of the version ascribed to Roscommon has not a Catholic tone about its rendering. 'Let guilty man compassion find' are its last words. These, of course, are no equivalent, either to the original *Dona eis requiem*, or to the other early translations—*e.g.*, 'Give rest to all departed souls' (1657), or, 'Eternal rest to them afford' (1687). In fact, the final couplet has been omitted." The other arguments by which Mr. Shipley contends for the Dryden authorship need not detain us here. They are acutely reasoned out and clearly set forth. Roscommon died in 1684; and one of the arguments made by Mr. Shipley must be revised, when he declares that the version first appeared in a volume whose preface was written in 1717, but whose title-page bears the date 1721; for the version appeared in *Miscellanea Sacra* in 1696. The discussion is very interesting and the contention is very likely a just one. In the

Preface of his *Annus Sanctus* (1884) Mr. Shipley repeats his view that the version of *Dies Irae* was in all probability wrongly attributed to Lord Roscommon.

XIV.	XIV.
Preces meae non sunt dignae ;	Unworthy are my prayers :
Sed tu bonus fac benigne	But do Thou benignly grant that
Ne perenni cremer igne.	I burn not in everlasting fire.
XV.	XV.
Inter oves locum praesta,	Amid Thy sheep appoint me a place,
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,	And separate me from the goats,
Statuens in parte dextra.	Placing me at Thy right-hand.
XVI.	XVI.
Confutatis maledictis,	The accursed having been silenced
Flammis acribus addictis,	And given over to the bitter flames,
Voca me cum benedictis.	Call me with the blessed.
XVII.	XVII.
Oro supplex et acclinis,	Kneeling and prostrated I pray,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,	With heart broken as it were ashes,
Gere curam mei finis.	Guard Thou my end.

The fifteenth stanza borrows its thought and phrase from our Lord's description (Matt. 25 : 32–34) : " And all nations shall be gathered together before him, and he shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats : And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left. Then shall the king say to them that shall be on his right-hand : " Come ye blessed of my Father. . . ." etc.

Versions that render *contritum* by *contrite* do not bring out sufficiently the strong figure in the word itself. *Contritus* means, of course, broken into small pieces ; but the poet adds to the figure the idea of " reducing to ashes," or impalpable particles— " utterly crushed."

Apropos of this last stanza, it may be permissible to repeat the incident related by Johnson of the last moments of Roscommon, even though Johnson's information came to him at third or fourth hand : " At the moment in which he expired, he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of *Dies Irae* :—

> 'My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not forsake me in my end.'"

Crashaw's exquisite version was doubtless the inspiration for Roscommon :—

> "O hear a suppliant heart all crushed
> And crumbled into contrite dust!
> My hope, my fear—my Judge, my Friend!
> Take charge of me and of my end!"

With this seventeenth stanza ends the triplet construction of the poem, if not, indeed, the poem itself as originally written. This is therefore an appropriate place for considering the general features of the *Dies Irae*,—its carefully progressive argument, its Scriptural allusiveness, its vivid descriptiveness in the first six stanzas, and its lyric intensity in the remaining stanzas. With respect to the argument of the Hymn, we can scarcely do better than transfer to this page the words of Orby Shipley.[2]

"The popularity and appreciation of *Dies Irae*, and the reasons of both with simple and learned alike, can only, however, be intelligently estimated when, leaving the accidental form in which this divine hymn and poem is cast, we carefully examine its substance. Of course the mere perusal of it, or even a casual attention to its recitation, impresses the reader or listener with an undefined but real sense of greatness and power. He feels himself in the presence of a noble and masterly production. But, when the sequence is mentally picked to pieces, when each element is weighed, when the union and interdependence, and oftentimes the logical following of each succeeding portion, is tested—then the consummate art of the craftsman is disclosed. The very simplicity of its form becomes a mask for the intricate elaborateness of its conception and development. Its story, the incidents, the reflections, their rhythm, flow from source onward to conclusion with unruffled and unbroken continuity. But this result has been attained only by the exercise of extremest skill. In the prose for the dead there is no check, no parenthesis, no wandering from the point, no retrogression or looking backward. It begins with the end of life, it ends with the beginning of eternity. Between these limits, the legend, so to say, is self-evolved, self-contained. The great mediæval poem of the day of doom is less a series of independent pictures or detached studies than one long panorama, as it were,

[2] *Dublin Review*, 1883, p. 379.

of some mighty quick-flowing river and its scenery . . . Its imagery and scenes, its facts and events, its words and thoughts, its prayers and ejaculations, its mental records, conscience-searching questions and intellectual memories, as naturally and unaffectedly succeed each other, without a forced cohesion or inharmonious break, as the banks, and towns, and hills, and forests, and islands, and other natural features of a river scene, in a series from the lens of a magic lantern of dissolving views."

In the brief space of the first six stanzas, the prophetic picturing of the Last Judgment is given. A few bold lines on a narrow canvas (for eighteen lines must be considered as the briefest possible limits within which to paint such a picture) bring the scene of the consummation of the world before us quite as vividly as the masterpieces of painting on this subject, with their multitudinous figures crowded together even within amplest limits of space. The first stanza announces the theme (in the first line), the catastrophe (in the second), and the prophetic witness thereto, both of the Hebrew and of the pagan world (in the third line). It is a summary, majestic and marvellous, of prophecy and fulfilment, crystallized within three short lines—just twenty-four syllables—of rhymed Latin verse. It is a text, clear and compact, for what follows. The second stanza then shows us mankind "withering away for fear and expectation," as the Great Judge appears *Cuncta stricte discussurus*,—to sift everything "like as corn is sifted in a sieve" (Amos 9: 9). This coming of the Judge, to weigh everything with nicest balance, naturally suggests the summoning of mankind before that Great Assize—Death and Hell must give up their dead, and the Sea must give up the dead that are in it—and the next stanza echoes for us, in its marvellous wedding of sound to sense, the "trump of God" resounding through all the sepulchres of earth and summoning all mankind before the Throne ("And I saw a great white throne . . . and the dead both great and small, standing in sight of the throne."—Apoc. 20: 11, 12). The next stanza appropriately pictures the stupefaction of Death and Nature at seeing the innumerable dead whose final chapter had seemed, in the long tale of centuries which had passed over them without disturbing their ancient rest, to have been completely written, rising from countless graves and hurry-

ing to judgment. There at length they are all assembled, "both great and small"; and the next stanza shows us the Judge seated in terrific majesty, presiding over all the generations of men, prepared to search into their most hidden thoughts and to leave unavenged not even a single "idle word that men shall speak." And therefore, in the next stanza, appears the record of all our thoughts, words, deeds—the *liber scriptus*—the "book of life" of the Apocalypse, holding everything on which judgment is to be passed. The first part of the poem is finished—the *mise en scène* has been arranged—and the agony of one individual soul begins. What, indeed, shall it find to say at that dreadful judgment? When, as St. Peter says, "scarce the just shall be saved," what advocate shall it entreat to take up its cause and plead for it? This seventh stanza forms the bridge between the epic and the lyric in the Hymn; it connects, with the scene painted in the first six stanzas, the present cry of the soul that He who shall then appear as a rigorously just Judge shall now prove Himself a tender and forgiving Saviour. The eighth stanza accordingly presents us with this twofold character of Christ—the "Rex tremendae majestatis" in the Last Judgment, the "Fons pietatis" of the present life; and it does not present us with this two fold character in any confused way, but with almost scholastic precision refers in the first line to the awful majesty of that King (thus connecting Him with the Judgment which has just been pictured) and in the third line to the tender pity of the Saviour (which is to be the basis of the appeal that follows). The argument of the Hymn is thus evolved with exquisite carefulness, the transitions being made with logical facility as well as with rhetorical felicity. The following six stanzas develop the thought of Christ's mercy; and here again we can perceive the symmetrical and logical development of the argument. They comprise, namely, two divisions of three stanzas each, the first division dealing with the first basis on which an appeal may rest,—the labors and sufferings of Christ; the second division dealing with the second basis,—the repentance of the sinner; each division consisting, moreover, of two stanzas followed by a stanza containing an appropriate prayer. Thus, the first division begins with *Recordare, Jesu pie*, and refers to the love shown by Christ in becoming Man (*Quod*

sum causa tuae viae); the next stanza sums up the whole loving life of Christ in the literal and figurative weariness of Christ at the Well of Jacob (*Quaerens me sedisti lassus*), and the last scene of that life on the Cross (*Redemisti crucem passus*). Each of these stanzas concludes with a prayer; the third line of the first being *Ne me perdas illa die*, and of the second, *Tantus labor non sit cassus;* while they are followed by a stanza (symmetrically, like the third lines in the stanzas, a third stanza in the division) of appropriate prayer. Similarly, the second division (of three stanzas, as before), beginning with *Ingemisco tanquam reus*, and dealing with that repentance which is the second basis of an appeal for mercy, comprises three stanzas, of which the first one contains an acknowledgment of guilt, and the second points to the mercy shown by Christ to the penitent hearts of the sinful woman and the dying thief. Each of these stanzas contains, in its third line, a prayer; while the third stanza of the division is, as noted in the case of the similar third stanza of the first division, devoted wholly to prayer. Fortified now by remembrance of Christ's love (as shown in His incarnation, life and death) and His mercy (as shown to Mary and to the dying thief), the singer once more turns his gaze, in prospect, to that picture of the Last Judgment which had overwhelmed him with terror. Now, however, he looks forward with hope:

> Inter oves locum praesta,
> Et ab hoedis me sequestra
> Statuens in parte dextra.

The transition is again natural and logical; and in making it, he gives himself opportunity to sketch the last scenes of that Great Day of Wrath. The Scriptural division of the sheep from the goats is placed before us; and in the following stanza we hear the voice of Christ calling the "blessed of His Father" to heaven, and uttering an everlasting woe on the accursed. The following (and final) stanza writes, as the last word of the pathetic final line, the appropriate word *finis*.

Who can venture to say that a hymn which, within such brief limits, can present such a wealth of Scriptural allusiveness moulded into such perfect form; can state so succinctly and develop so logically its theme; can bring together, without con-

fusion of thought or blurring of impressions, such felicitous word-painting of the tremendous scene it handles and such pathetic pleadings of the heart that contemplates that scene; can condense so adequately whole tragedies and perfect prayers in the space of a single line, and can do this with the precision of a scholastic philosopher stating or proving his thesis, and at the same time with the felicitous ease of an accomplished rhetorician moving with confident gracefulness within the "narrow plot of ground" of his self-imposed poetic and stanzaic and rhymic limitations; who, indeed, can venture to say that such a hymn is not an incomparable masterpiece both of poetry and of hymnody?

XVIII.	XVIII.
Lacrimosa dies illa	Doleful is that day
Qua resurget ex favilla	Whereon shall rise from the glowing ashes
Judicandus homo reus:	Guilty man to be judged:
Huic ergo parce, Deus.	Him therefore spare, O God.
Pie Jesu, Domine,	Merciful Jesus, Lord,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.	Grant them rest. Amen.

Daniel remarks that for a time he thought that these verses had been added to the original poem in order to make it suitable for a sequence in the Mass for the dead, but that his more matured judgment considered the poem to have been written by its author as a sequence for the dead.

The Mantuan marble text did not include these three couplets, but ended with: *Voca me cum benedictis*, followed by the stanza:

Ut consors beatitatis	That amid the blessed band
Vivam cum justificatis	I may share their glory grand
In aevum aeternitatis.	In the endless Fatherland.

To these twenty-one stanzas (*i. e.*, the four introductory ones, the sixteen of the Roman missal, and this appended one) of the Mantuan marble, the editor of the Königsberg *Gesangbuch* added a further final one:

Ubi malorum levamen	There, no more by evils pressed,
In te, Jesu, mi solamen,	Jesus, on Thy loving breast
Per saeclorum saecla. Amen.	I shall find an endless rest.

The *Lacrimosa* couplets are replaced in a Brandenburg missal by:

Ne gehennae ignis laedat	Let Thy handiwork be free
Tuum plasma; sed te edat,	Of Gehenna; and in Thee
Digne semper in te credat.	Find sweet food and liberty.

And in a Vienna MS. by:

Ne me perdas, sed regnare,	Lose me not; but let me reign,
Fac cum tuis, Jesu care,	Jesus, with Thy blessed train
Et in coelis gloriare.	Who in heaven foraye remain.

What end the authors of these supplementary, or rather suppositious, stanzas sought, is not easily divined. The *Lacrimosa* couplets are not, it is true, in the stanzaic forms of the preceding strophes of the hymn; and only two of the couplets rhyme, while the last couplet has lines of only seven syllables. On the other hand, they in no wise mar the beauty of the hymn, even should we agree with some hymnologists in supposing them a mere addition made for liturgical reasons. The gradual lessening of the triple rhyming, as found in the first two couplets, together with the lessening of the metrical line in the last couplet, forms rather a quiet and pleasing cadence, or falling away from the preceding terrors.

At the *Lacrimosa* the Hæmmerlein expansion begins, Dr. Coles' translation of which may be added here for the sake of completeness:

Lachrymosa die illa,	On that day of woe and weeping,
Cum resurget ex favilla,	When, like fire from spark upleaping,
Tanquam ignis ex scintilla,	Starts from ashes where he's sleeping,
Judicandus homo reus;	Man account to Thee to render,
Huic ergo parce, Deus;	Spare the miserable offender!
Esto semper adjutor meus.	Be my helper and defender!
Quando coeli sunt movendi,	When the heavens away are flying,
Dies adsunt tunc tremendi,	Days of trembling then and crying,
Nullum tempus poenitendi.	For repentance time denying;
Sed salvatis laeta dies,	To the saved a day of gladness,
Et damnatis nulla quies,	To the damned a day of sadness,
Sed daemonum effigies.	Demon forms and shapes of madness.
O tu Deus majestatis,	God of infinite perfection,
Alme candor Trinitatis,	Trinity's serene reflection,
Nunc conjunge cum beatis.	Give me part with the election!
Vitam meam fac felicem	Happiness upon me shower,
Propter tuam genitricem	For Thy Mother's sake, with power,
Jesse florem et radicem.	Who is Jesse's root and flower.
Praesta nobis tunc levamen,	From Thy fulness comfort pour us,
Dulce nostrum fac certamen,	Fight Thou with us, or fight for us,
Ut clamemus omnes, Amen!	So we'll shout, Amen, in chorus.

It will be noticed that the Hæmmerlein text makes *huic* refer to the "first person" or the singer of the hymn; for "Esto semper adjutor meus" follows immediately. Translators refer *huic* generally to the preceding *homo reus*, Wallace referring it, however, to the corpse to be interred.

The Mantuan Marble prefixed, as we have seen, four stanzas, Dr. Irons' rendering of which is as follows:

Cogita, anima fidelis,	Think, O Christian soul and sigh—
Ad quid respondere velis	Unto what thou must reply,
Christe venturo de coelis;	When Christ cometh from the sky!
Cum deposcet rationem	When He asketh one by one,
Ob boni commissionem,	For each good deed left undone,
Ob mali commissionem.	And for every evil done.
Dies illa, dies irae,	Ah that day, for judgment sent!
Quam conemur praevenire,	May we now that day prevent—
Obviamque Deo ire;	Meet our God, and now repent!
Seria contritione,	With contrition deep and sad,
Gratiae apprehensione,	With all grace that may be had,
Vitae emendatione.	And amend our life, if bad.

As has been pointed out already, both of these additions to the Missal text must be considered as alien to the original text of the poem.[3] They need not detain us further, and have been included here merely for the sake of completeness.

Whether the six lines beginning "Lacrimosa dies illa" are older than the Missal text or were added to the Hymn for the purpose of adapting it to its liturgical function as a sequence, is a question that has been disputed on both sides. Mone, as has been shown in these papers, judges them older than the century generally considered as that of the composition of the Hymn. Mr. Warren, however, thinks the proof inconclusive. They depart, of course, somewhat violently from the stanzaic structure of the rest of the sequence, and form rhymed couplets instead of triplets, although the first two couplets retain the rhythm of the preceding verses. The last two lines depart both from the rhythm and the rhyme of the Hymn, unless we may consider the *m* of *requiem* negligible. March favors the construction—

[3] See THE DOLPHIN, November, 1904, p. 520.

Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eos requie,

as it consults for the rhymic quality of the sequence and is "a frequent construction with *dono*, of which an example should be in the grammars."[4] He refers for illustration to the Ven. Bede's hymn *De Natali Innocentium*, in which these lines occur :—

Donat supernis sedibus
Quos rex peremit impius.

The concluding couplet of the *Dies Irae* contains distinctly a prayer for the happy repose of the souls of the dead, and has been therefore looked at askance by many Protestant translators, who have evaded its direct rendering in various twisting fashions. Like so many other Latin hymns, the *Dies Irae* has proved too attractive for our separated brethren, and they were forced to pay it the tribute of translation, although their religious views constrain them to a makeshift as its concluding couplet. "It is not wonderful," says Trench, "that a poem such as this should have continually allured and continually defied translators;" and he refers to the letter sent by Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn, suggesting that Evelyn make a translation of it: "I was thinking to have begged of you a translation of that well-known hymn, *Dies Irae, dies illa*, which, if it were a little changed, would make an excellent divine song."[5] "If it were a little changed"—that has been the text held in mind by our separated brethren. But Mr. Orby Shipley, who as a convert to Catholicity as well as a distinguished hymnologist could look at such a treatment of the Hymn from the double standpoint of his previous and his subsequent religious convictions, has not a kind word for the revisers of the Hymn. "Perhaps the main point of hostile criticism which in any case demands a protest at our hands, and which may first be stated, though it comes last in order of time, is one which most unfavorably impresses a Catholic reader of many Protestant translations. It is this, the manner, unjustifiable in morals and false in criticism, in which the concluding couplet of *Dies Irae* is either tampered

[4] *Latin Hymns*, p. 261.

[5] Quoted in Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry* from *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, Eden's Ed.

with, or mistranslated. This course is often adopted by authors who do not boldly and more honestly omit from their rendering the couplet altogether. Under the circumstances, simple omission would be commendable by comparison with the more usual method of making Thomas of Celano speak in English like a Protestant, rather than, as he really speaks, in universal accents, the faith of a Catholic. At least twelve or thirteen of these thirty-two translations (including fragments) either omit the *Dona eis requiem*, or, to use the received term amongst Anglican editors of Catholic devotions and biography, not to speak of theology, 'adapt' it—which phrase, being interpreted, means to make a deliberate mistranslation. There are, however, noble exceptions to this category. . . . But, even then, a fresh difficulty in ethics arises, which may be named, but which it is no business of the writer to attempt to solve. How can one, being a Protestant, who is loyal to his own communion, become an accomplice to the singing, in a hymn before God, of words the meaning and tenor of which have been systematically and avowedly expunged in prose from the public worship of his persuasion—such words involving Catholic prayer for the dead and the implied doctrine of purgatory? It is also noteworthy that some translators, from whom (even at the cost of moral consistency) we should expect at least a Catholic-worded remembrance of the faithful departed, have disappointed us: whilst others, from whom we should expect less, have given us more."[6] Dr. Coles, who prints the Latin text,[7] omits the concluding couplet, and of course gives no English rendering of it. Thus, too, the seven versions in Judge Nott's volume omit the couplet, with the exception of Dr. Irons', which makes the couplet a prayer uttered by the living for their own eternal rest:—

> Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
> Grant a blessed requiem! Amen.

Hymns Ancient and Modern comes out boldly with a revision of Dr. Irons' couplet:

> Lord, all-pitying, Jesus blest,
> Grant them Thine eternal rest. Amen.

[6] *Dublin Review*, April, 1883, p. 371.

[7] *Dies Irae in Thirteen Original Versions.*

This change, which is really the version of Isaac Williams (appearing first in 1834 as a translation of the Paris Missal text, *Crucis expandens vexilla*), had already been adopted by other Protestant hymnals. In this connection it may be noted as a curious fact that our own authentic prayer-book, the Baltimore *Manual of Prayers*, which uses the version of Dr. Irons, retains the mistranslation of the last couplet, while *Hymns Ancient and Modern* revised it, properly, by taking Williams' translation. It is a perfect rendering of the Catholic thought of the original, and a Catholic can not but feel gratified that in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, whose annual sales run up, it is said, into the million mark, the true translation should be so widely spread. So, too, the Rev. Mr. Copeland's version renders the thought correctly:

> Prince of pity, Jesu blest,
> Lord and Saviour, give them rest.

More direct still, if possible, is the rendering by "O" in the *Christian Remembrancer* (1825):

> Saviour, listen while we plead,
> We, the living, for the dead.

The thought of the original is also retained, in the very words of the Hymn, in the translation of William Hay, in the *Bengal Annual* (1831):

> Lord, we bend to Thee for them,
> Dona eis requiem!

All of these correct versions illustrate the hunger of humanity for a prayerful remembrance of the dead, and are a direct tribute to Catholic doctrine by Protestant writers. And so the Rev. J. Anketell moralizes in the *American Church Review* (1873, p. 206), when describing an incident that happened during his missionary stay in Dresden. By the explosion of fire damp in a mine some six miles from that city, three hundred unfortunates perished. One of the many charitable undertakings for the relief of their families was a sacred concert in a Lutheran church in Dresden, at which Mozart's *Requiem* was sung with full orchestral accompaniment: "It would be vain to attempt," wrote Mr. Anketell, "to describe in words the effect of the *Dies Irae* on that occasion.

Many were moved to tears, and when the splendid basso commenced his solo:

> Tuba mirum spargens sonum
> Per sepulchra regionum,

and the clarion notes of a trumpet accompanied his voice, one could well imagine that the final doom was about to be pronounced! Toward the close of the hymn,

> Voca me cum benedictis!

a golden ray of light from the declining sun came shooting through the stained windows and fretted aisles. . . . Passing strange was it to hear, in that Protestant church, the sound of a requiem for the dead. But hardened indeed, in its prejudices, must have been the heart which could not have joined in the prayer:

> Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
> Et lux perpetua luceat eis."

The Rev. Mr. Anketell was a Protestant minister; and the prayer in which, as he thought, only a heart hardened by its prejudices could have refused to join, is a prayer for the happy repose of the souls of the dead. He can not have been insensible to the doctrinal point involved, for he takes his quotation, not from the Hymn itself, but from another part of the liturgy of the Requiem Mass. The thought in both is identical; but his quotation serves to emphasize strongly the liturgical character of the Hymn and the uncompromising Catholicity of its concluding couplet. Death is not the Divider, but the Reuniter; and Protestants will continue to utter for the dead a couplet of the great Hymn that illustrates a devotion wholly Catholic as it is wholly beautiful, and as human as it is divine.

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Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Uranium, Mother of Metals.—It was the custom till quite recently to laugh at the philosophers and physical scientists of the centuries before the nineteenth for thinking that such a thing as a transmutation of metals was possible. It was practically a universal belief that almost any metal might by natural processes after a sufficient length of time be converted into any other. Even so distinguished and so recent a scientific genius as Newton was a firm believer in the possibility of transmutation. To a friend about to visit certain copper mines on the Continent, Newton suggested less than two hundred years ago that the friend might find it especially to his advantage to study the process of transmutation *in situ* in some of the copper mines. The English mathematician advanced as a proof of the fact that such change must take place, some specimens in the museum at Cambridge in which gold was present in connection with copper, and in which therefore it seemed that the transforming process had, to a limited degree at least, taken place.

Even at the present time, there are not a few who would laugh at this idea of Newton's, but they are not the ones who know most of the present position of chemical science. If there is one doctrine that has been revolutionized completely within the last few years, it is the supposed individuality of the so-called chemical elements and the assumed impossibility of their ever being transformed into one another. Most of the newer opinion in the matter has come as the result of studies of the radio-active metals and especially of uranium, radium, and helium. As has been recently remarked, Uranus, after whom uranium received its name, was in the old mythology the father of all the gods. Recent results of investigation with regard to uranium would seem to show that the designation given this substance was much more appropriate than perhaps the discoverer ever dreamt. There

seems no doubt now that uranium has been observed as the generator of other metals.

The atom of uranium is the heaviest known, its atomic weight of 240 indicating that in comparison with the atom of hydrogen it is 240 times as heavy. As a matter of fact, it would seem to be too large and cumbersome an elemental material to hang together with any efficiency, and as a consequence, wherever it has been observed, it is in process of transformation into radium and helium. One specimen of uranium that has been kept very carefully under observation for several years past has been found to be changing into radium at the rate of one twenty-trillionth (not a very appreciable fraction, it must be confessed) of its weight per annum. It used to be thought that the advance of chemistry would lead to the discovery first of all that the larger atoms were composed of some simpler form of material. It is a surprise therefore to have advance come in the opposite direction with the announcement of the observation that a heavier atom is breaking up and that this is the first proof of the possibility of transmutation.

Sir William Crookes suggested some time ago that there probably was a substratum of material substance identical in all the elements and possessed of properties so vaguely effective as to be practically unrecognizable by any of our present methods of chemical or physical investigation. For this theoretic substance he proposed the name *protyle*,—that is, first stuff. Both the name and the properties he ascribes to the new substance are curiously reminiscent of the prime matter of the old scholastics. It has been suggested recently that this prime matter may really be nothing more than negative electrons,—that is, particles of matter negatively charged with electricity, extremely minute but dynamically very active. These electrons have been demonstrated to be about one-thousandth of the size of the atom of hydrogen. In uranium, therefore, there would be two hundred and forty thousand of these dynamic elements struggling to assert their efficiency. It is not surprising then that there should be a gradual breaking-up of the larger atom into something smaller.

Almost more interesting, however, than the breaking-up of the larger atoms into smaller ones is the gradual accumulation

of evidence that there is also a process of synthesis at work in the physical world. Sir William Ramsey, one of the most distinguished of living physicists, to whom many of the recent discoveries are due, has succeeded in showing that radio-activity may produce changes by which large atoms are built up as well as large atoms pulled down. For instance, radium, when allowed to act on glass for a certain length of time, has been known to produce some wonderful change, not only in the molecules of the glass, but even in its atoms, and where beforehand it was sure that no substance was present of an atomic weight greater than 40, substances result, or at least one has been noted which has an atomic weight above 200. In a word, all of our modern chemical theory is at the present moment as actively in flux as was chemical theory at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when supposedly modern chemistry was attaining its sure and solid foundations after the centuries of thought-wandering by the transmutationists. Curiously enough, the reaction is toward the old, and does not pursue the thoughts that were rife in the nineteenth century.

The Wonders of the Ion.—The word *ion*, which is attracting so much popular attention at the present time, is not by any means new, having been first used by Faraday about three-quarters of a century ago; although it must not be forgotten that it is now used in a new sense. When water is decomposed by means of electricity, the products of decomposition—oxygen and hydrogen—each goes to the end of one of the wires which carries the current of electricity into the water. These products then, because they were "goers" across the body of liquid, were called by Faraday *ions*, "things that go," from the Greek verb *to go*,—the prefixes *an* and *kat* being used to indicate that they went to the anode or the cathode respectively.

It was the Danish physicist, Arrhenius, last year's winner of one of the Nobel prizes, who first attempted an explanation for the peculiar action of the decomposition products where electricity was decomposing a fluid. He suggested that the substance dissolved in a solution did not necessarily exist in the same way as in the dry state, but that their atoms were dissociated. They were held, however, in a state of equilibrium owing to the fact

that they were charged with different forms of electricity. Thus when electricity is made to pass through a fluid, it discharges and recharges these electrified bodies. And it is the charges of electricity on the particles of matter that are the real ions or travellers. This is true not only in liquids, but also in gases.

The study of these ions is occupying the attention of many chemists and physicists at the present time, and some of the mathematical explanations proposed serve to show very well how complex a thing is even the minutest portion of matter. The word atom, which means, from the Greek verb "to cut" and *a* privative, that the particle thus described can be no further divided or cut up, was introduced with the idea of providing a descriptive term for the smallest conceivable portion of matter. The atomic theory, however, conferred certain qualities upon the atom. Recent investigations have shown that the ion itself, which may be carried on the atom, has certain material qualities; and one good authority, at least, thinks that he has demonstrated that the negative ion, which is the most active of the two, is probably no larger than the two-thousandth part of an atom of hydrogen, which has been considered up to the present time as the smallest portion of matter, and for that reason was taken as the standard of comparison for the estimation of atomic weights. Although the ion is so small, the energy with which it is endowed is by no means a trivial thing. The charge carried, for instance, by the atoms of hydrogen that are set free during the electrical decomposition of water, has been determined, and for even a small quantity of water the energy represented is something immense. A writer in the *Revue Scientifique* not long since calculated that one gram of hydrogen in the nascent state carries 96,500 coulombs of electricity, "Some idea of how enormous this charge is," the writer continues, "can be obtained when I say that if we could get two spheres each filled with one milligram of the chemical ions of hydrogen, and place them one centimetre apart, they would repel each other with the prodigious force of one hundred trillions of tons."

The negative ion is sometimes lately spoken of as a corpuscle It is supposed that each atom of matter is composed of a great number of corpuscles analogous to the negative ion of which we

have spoken. There is a very large number of these corpuscles in some atoms, since there are 2,000 in the smallest atom known, the hydrogen atom. Consequently there is, as it were, within the atom a planetary system on a reduced scale, and these minute planets revolve and gravitate around each other according to the laws of electric attraction. When an electric cause of perturbation comes in the form of an X-ray, it shivers off one of the corpuscles. Why this would invariably be charged with negative electricity is still a mystery.

This may seem mere theory without any foundation. There is no doubt that much of it is hypothesis, but it is the sort of hypothesis that frequently leads to important discovery. As it is, even at the present time, the new views of the corpuscular composition of atoms enable physicists to give more satisfactory explanations of the phenomena of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and even of gravity, than have been possible before. It is curious to think how certain were supposed to be the results of scientific speculation about the middle of the nineteenth century, and yet how most of the accepted theories of a half-century ago are now giving way to further speculations that promise to be of help in the progress of physical and chemical knowledge.

Trees in Wireless Telegraphy.—Some officers of the American Signal Service made quite by chance the observation that trees are especially good conductors of electrical currents. It has long been known that they were good conductors for large charges of electricity, like lightning,—hence the danger of standing under them during storms; but this recent observation was made with regard to small currents of electricity such as are used for telephone purposes. It was found, however, that besides being good conductors, they may be good receivers of electrical charges in the air, and be of excellent service also for the distribution of even small currents of electricity in such a way as to produce the waves that are used in wireless telegraphy. As a consequence of experiments made in this regard, trees are now commonly used as signal stations in field work where there is no permanent wireless apparatus installation.

It has been found that by means of trees messages may be sent over a considerable radius. Owing, however, to a diffusion of

the electrical currents and the fact that trees are not good receivers, the limit of exact communication seems to be about three miles. All that is necessary is to drive a nail that gets well beyond the bark of the tree into the wood and then connect the wireless apparatus by means of wires to this nail. Messages that are ticked off can then be readily received on a tree armed with a receiving apparatus. Live trees are the only ones, however, that have this quality of transmitting electricity, as the dry wood of dead trees has been found to be an unsuitable conductor. Of course it is impossible to attune such a sending and receiving apparatus so as to prevent an enemy in the neighborhood, within three miles, from catching the signals. As all army communication is by means of a secret code, this does not make very much difference for war purposes. With an automobile for the carrying of the wireless apparatus, it is rather easy to establish a line of communication across country that enables different portions of an army to keep well in touch with one another. Explorers and others have also found it of advantage, and it is likely to prove a very useful discovery.

Clergymen and Origins in Science.—In recent years one of the most interesting phases of scientific development has been a more detailed knowledge of the men to whom the first great steps in the various sciences are due. Not infrequently it has happened that the primal discovery was made by a genius long before successors tardily came to fill up the beginnings of knowledge in such a way as to round out first principles into a definite science. We pointed out not long since that when the International Society of Geologists met in Italy about twenty years ago, they considered it a duty and a privilege to assist at the unveiling of a bust of Bishop Stenson or Steno, whom they saluted as one of the founders of geology. Two other great original thinkers in science who were clergymen have recently had vindicated for them the position which is really theirs as founders in science. For instance, it has been pointed out that it was not our own Franklin who first demonstrated the identity of electrical phenomena with lightning, but rather a Premonstratensian monk, Procopius Dirwisch, of Prenditz in Bohemia. Toward the end of the fourth decade of the eighteenth century, he dared to set up a lightning conductor

by which he obtained sparks from clouds during thunder storms, although he realized the danger that this involved; and when he printed his article on the subject, in 1751, he pointed it out to others. There seems no doubt that some tradition of this was known in the scientific circles generally in Europe, though it was scarcely credited. Whether Franklin may have had some inkling of it or not cannot be determined, but it seems not unlikely that his idea in the matter was entirely original, and that the fact of the same discovery being made by two minds at the same time is only another of those coincidences in science which seem to show that scientific ideas are almost in the air during a certain period, and that a number of men whose thoughts are running along certain lines have inklings of them.

Another clergyman who distinguished himself in science in the seventeenth century, in fact just about the very time that Father Dirwisch was making his discoveries, was the Frenchman, Abbé Trembley. In the introduction to his book on *Regeneration*, Prof. Thomas Hunt Morgan, of Bryn Mawr, pays a deserved tribute to Trembley for his original work on that subject. Some of Trembley's observations anticipate a number of details in our knowledge of regeneration, the significance of which have come to be properly appreciated only in quite recent times. Trembley's work was done not on theoretical considerations, but as the result of carefully-planned experiments and observations on the lower animals. It is to Trembley that is owed the famous experiment of turning a hydra inside out, and then attempting to keep the animal from turning back by sticking a fine bristle through the body. Unfortunately, his observations, which seemed to indicate that the hydra proceeded to do its digestion with what had formerly been the outside of its body when it could not use its former stomach for digestion purposes, were not founded on truth. Although the experiment has been repeated many times for a century and a half, it is only within the last few years that the error of observation in the matter has been discovered.

Seedlessness and Fruit Extinction.—We called attention in last month's notes on Recent Science to the discovery of the coreless apple and the efforts being made for its introduction. Besides the apple, the orange is now mainly grown from the seedless

variety, and probably this will become the exclusive method of growth in the next twenty-five years. For some time the banana has been grown entirely in this way, and so a condition of seedlessness in fruit is becoming the rule rather than the exception. Some of the work now being accomplished in California gives one the idea that before very long even such fruits as the peach or the plum may be grown without seeds. This might seem a consummation eminently to be desired, and yet there are some considerations with regard to this invasion of nature's ways that are likely to give us pause and make us wonder whether we are surely accomplishing something that will always be considered as beneficial as it seems to be at the present moment. It was a poet of the very olden time who said that you might expel nature with a fork, but she would surely come back. There is one thing even more certain than that, and that is that nature avenges an invasion of her domain even though made with what looks like sweet reasonableness.

A recent critic of these pomological advances has called attention to the fact that if all the apple trees are rendered seedless, the duration of the species will be limited to the time during which, without the invaluable aid of crossing, the trees then alive could continue to send up from their roots a constantly deteriorating series of new shoots. That this is no overdrawn picture, almost any fruit grower will realize. As a matter of fact, the banana has fallen into that more or less precarious condition, so that if a frost or some special insect or some unfortunate accident of environment should kill all the banana plants alive at the present time, there never would be any more of them, at least in this world. An editorial writer in the *New York Times* recently called attention to the fact that, "Persistent propagation of the potato from its tubers alone has had upon that precarious vegetable an effect that already is alarming many of its most thoughtful friends, and they foresee the necessity, in a not very distant future, of going back to the miserable little nubbins that grow wild in Mexico and developing them all over again into the treasure houses of starch that do so much toward feeding the world,—a long and costly task."

There is probably nothing that is more interesting in the

scientific advances in modern life than some considerations as to the ultimate event of what we now dignify as progress is likely to be. It has often been pointed out that the lowering of the death-rate among children really is preventing nature from eliminating the unfit, and consequently the great increase in the number of dependents of various kinds and especially the insane in later years. Nature, even in her most stepmotherly mood, is yet sometimes tenderer with the race than short-sighted men who can only see the results of what they accomplish for a generation or two.

OUR CRITIC.

Consider France Curiously.—Why did France lose the Faith? is asked by the *Missionary* for April. It is too soon to ask. And we must suspend judgment. No wonder, however, that we do not patiently hear a repetition of M. Paul Deschanel's recent speech during the debate on the great separation of Church and State question, in which he repeats that Catholicism is the religion of 98 per cent. of Frenchmen. He himself being a Catholic, he would say; and yet—we should say—not being one. No wonder the Bishop of Tarentaise—and he a well-known Republican bishop, a "liberal," as far as may be—has declared that he will not count these nominal, and yet anti-Catholic, Catholics as members of his flock when the time comes to arrange who it is that his clergy are to look after, under the hard time that is before the reorganized Church.

And yet we must not forget the ever-present truths—never too often alluded to, whenever we wish to form a right judgment—that still some two-thirds of Catholic missionaries are given by France, and that hers are the modern martyrs; it is little to say, after that, that it is the French Catholics who give more money to foreign missions than all other Catholics put together. And further, we must not forget that the departments near Paris show the most desolate parishes for church-going. The *Missionary* has it that "the conditions in Seine-et-Marne are said not to be exceptional, but typical of the larger part of the Republic."

Nevertheless, a letter to the *Tablet* that has since been going the rounds of the papers, doubtless told the truth about crowds

in churches lately seen at Orleans. Rash conclusions were then quickly drawn by puzzled readers and editors, that, after all, France is a great church-going country. Still, let us suspend judgment. We might have seen thousands of men in procession at Notre Dame de Paris this winter when the turn for the Perpetual Adoration in the diocese came to the cathedral, as every night in the year we might see more than a score of men keeping up the Adoration in the Church of Reparation, the Sacré Cœur on Montmartre. And the same day that I was reading in the *Missionary*, I read one more steadying tribute in the Anglican *Church Times*, for March 24th, from a well-known non-Catholic clergyman. At Cette, the 33,000 business town on the south coast, he received his copy of the *Westminster Gazette* with "a letter from its Paris correspondent, who, as usual, was vindicating the disestablishment proposals of the Government, on the grounds that no one, especially a man, went to church in France. Into this matter I looked carefully at Cette, and am bound to say that no town of similar size and conditions in England could have shown more evidence of the religious habit. Its four churches with twelve priests were used frequently each day, and the four or five Masses at each on Sunday were all fairly attended, while the low Mass at 11 A.M. in my parish church was crowded. . . . Another church I found nearly full, at 8 A.M., while at St. Joseph's, at the weekly Mass for men only, I found about seventy men of all classes present. Hereat the rector gave a short reading from *l'Évangile Médité* followed by a short sermon. . . . Infidelity at Cette is chiefly confined to the factory men: of a general neglect of the duties of religion there was certainly no evidence."

We know how the present Bishop of London speaks of his "pagan" diocese, where only 18 per cent. go to any form of worship, and of the working classes only 5 per cent. Is not Berlin, of the Emperor's new *Dom*, the least church-going capital in Europe? And the present writer remembers, some few years ago, visiting churches in Lent in Paris, at services for men only, where, in half a dozen churches, there used to be weekly evening congregations of from 500 to 1,000 men. This Easter, if transported to Notre Dame, doubtless we should assist again at the

Communion of some 5,000 men. "It hath been an opinion," said Bacon, "that the French are wiser than they seem." Joubert will have it that "les Français sont les hommes du monde les plus propres à devenir fous sans perdre la tête." *Adsit omen.*

M. Combes on his Defence.—In the *National Review*[1] for March *l'ancien premier ministre* reproaches English friends for being, though sympathetic with his foreign policy, yet unsympathetic with his policy in religion. The article is on this text: that the Church is incompatible with the State. The conclusion is obvious: destruction of the Church as soon as that is possible. The paper is well-written special pleading. The Organic Articles added to the Concordat without knowledge of Pope Pius VII are accepted as the basis of relation between France and the Papacy, the latter power having always disowned them,—absurdly, the adversary says, since upon their acceptance the French Government of Napoleon agreed to the peace with the Church. That is, one party signing liked certain articles unknown to the other party, and so accepted them; and being the more domineering, then declared them to be understood by it as part of the treaty and the justification of its own reception thereof. What is this to be called? It is on a par with the "historic lie," which the other Republican Prime Minister, M. Ribot, denounced in M. Combes' speech (repeated in his paper), that the Papacy had worked against the loyal carrying out of the Concordat. And now, least convincing mark of all in the paper, M. Combes ends by saying that he resigned freely, and makes no allusion whatever to the *délation*, the spying on the officers who went to Mass and whose wives did works of charity, the very disgusting thing which was the cause of his ministry's downfall. This is very strange, remarks the London *Morning Leader*, one of those Liberal dailies across the Channel which M. Combes' article was written to charm into confidence in his plain honest ways. He has indeed revealed himself, when he lets out the avowal: "I came into power, convinced for separation of Church and State, but knowing people were unprepared for it, yet determining so to act as to bring it within the sphere of practical politics."

[1] Lord Llandaff—of the old Catholic family of which Father Mathew was the most illustrious son—has an article in the April *National Review*, answering M. Combes, who tried to show that English Catholics were other than their French brethren.

And not only officers, by the way, saw their career checked or ruined; civilians have to be guaranteed by some Freemason in order to become clerks, notaries, and even porters; and if some secret enemy put in a bad mark against a man, his chance was gone: his very bread and butter were risked if he was suspected of not admiring M. Combes. "This low tyranny," continues the Republican *Journal des Débats*, "was working all through the country, in petty ways the meanest and yet the most successful. It must cease; it will cease." Anyway, if Combism is still alive, M. Combes is no more in the seat of the scorners of liberty.

A fellow doctor, a radical, an anti-clerical, resigns after M. Combes (as a county councillor), for that, as says his letter to the *préfet*, "politicians wanted by shameful machinations to get rid of a man independent as I am, disgracing him, driving him to ruin and suicide by agents borrowed from Freemasonry. Masonry is responsible for all these men's blackguardism; it sheltered them, and paid them. And I have spoken, not because of my personal concerns, but because of the combined and determined threatening and denouncing and *chantage* against freedom, affections, and the interest of the poor."

French "Disestablishment."—Is it necessary to say that the French proposal is not to free the Church from the State, but only to free the State from the Church?

The churches and other ecclesiastical buildings are said to belong to the State. The people's representatives are to hire the churches (for terms not longer than ten years) for religious purposes, or for any purpose they like. If the religious preacher therein says anything against the State's laws, he is to be fined and imprisoned. The State may sell the churches whenever any lease is within three years of falling in. No religious procession or ceremony may be held outside the church. The city or county council will arrange as to funerals, and will allow or forbid the church bells at any time to be rung. And so on.

Not unfairly Leo XIII judged that the most violent—and it is they who drive on fated ministries in France—wanted "disestablishment," "so as to give the State full freedom to torment the Church of Jesus Christ; . . . the State recognizing the Church only when it shall be pleased to persecute her." This is

not our American "disestablishment"; a thing, if not the ideal—which must ever be the acknowledging of whatever is truth—yet a thing to be readily accepted; especially, as Pope Leo put it, "when lawmakers, fortunately inconsistent, continue to be inspired by Christian principles."

It may be surprising to read the *Boston Transcript* summing the French scheme up as France's "putting religion and statecraft on precisely the same basis they are [*sic*] in the United States." Though, that the *Literary Digest* textually copies, may be less of a surprise.

Is it any use quoting, to the well-intentioned, half-informed, the enthusiasts for this and other French Jacobin schemes? By M. Jaurès and his like—and how able, persistent and enthusiastic they are—anarchist murders are held to be merely "just reprisals." "The revolutionary bomb that smashed up Plehve has now smashed up Sergius, that hateful and black-hearted ruffian, chief support of Czarism. The revolution takes good aim, and strikes the right people,"—including, of course, presidents of the United States. "The revolution!" We know what that means; nothing local or temporary, but the general freeing of Humanity at the expense of human beings.

A Noble Sign in French Journalism.—*L'Univers*, still under a Veuillot, has made a declaration for this year that it will help French Catholics to know and to see what is going on around, and to sympathize with what is good in those they dislike, or condemn, or cannot understand. "We intend to open our windows wide, and to see what is going on round about us, and among our adversaries, hunting up our own books and reviews, and theirs also; learning from the good works set on foot by our own side, and telling our friends about the good works of those who fight against us." What a comfort to find a leading Catholic paper writing so. Not all opposition to us, then, is wicked love of Freemasonry and "the devil in the nineteenth century," as was the phrase in the pious French lifetime of Miss Diana Vaughan. By the same token an infatuated South American priest has revived this lady, and refuses to withdraw the English translations of his scandal-giving publication. Anyway, something is to be hoped when "the readers of *l'Univers* will thus learn better to

understand the generous aspirations, as well as the errors, of the age in which we live." Have Catholics in France been the leaders in shortening hours of labor, in popularizing instruction, in giving equal chances to all to rise? There have been saintly men to mock at these aspirations.

But this is not noble.—The *Literary Digest* has apologized for its floundering in foreign news. But we would shelter our misled friend from thundering Gallic blows :—

"Le *Literary Digest* continue sans trève son étalage de produits venimeux, narcotiques et délétères. Chaque livraison est un défi à chacune des facultés humaines—il n'y manque que la honte et l'impudence pour la vue.

"Presque tout l'article *The Religious World* est un mélange nauséabond de potasse rationaliste, fantaisite, inventions saugrenues de cerveaux hantés d'illuminisme, d'orgueil personnel, de vues et d'aperçus irreligieux, humanitaires, nationaux même, tout l'inversion des principes catholiques et de la saine doctrine."

This is very interesting. When a learned French priest writes thus (as if we must all, for sure, go astray, unless held in leading strings in the right path), does he not help us to understand France? Or at least to see clearly the violence and helplessness of this abuse of the enemy, and this proving by logic that we must be—what we are not? Yet there was a Frenchman called Molière. He began by Pancrace who, for that he was asked to say the "form" and not the "shape" of a hat, maintained, "Ah! Seigneur Sganarelle, tout est renversé, aujourd'hui, et le monde est tombé dans une corruption générale. Une license épouvantable règne partout; et les magistrats, qui sont établis pour maintenir l'ordre dans cet état, devraient rougir de honte, en souffrant un scandale aussi intolérable que celui dont je veux parler." And Molière ends with Monsieur Purgon, who dismisses the rejector of his prescriptions with, "J'ai à vous dire que je vous abandonne à votre mauvaise constitution, à l'intemperie de vos entrailles, à la corruption de votre sang, à l'âcreté de votre bile et à la féculence de vos humeurs . . . de la dyspepsie dans l'hydropisie, et de l'hydropisie dans la privation de la vie, où vous aura conduit votre folie."

After that, say that Frenchmen are not in earnest.

Some Small Latin Republics.—A Protestant magazine not unnaturally asks, as to Central America and South America, how it is that nuns can be turned out of a Catholic country, religious processions forbidden, priests hindered from wearing cassocks, and other priests banished by a president, when they dared to suggest that non-religious processions are allowed, and even Freemason aprons—than which the products of the remote days of Adam and Eve cannot but have been less painfully ugly. But these republics will endure anything that is not priestly. Whereat the northern American protests and greatly marvels. Not ungenerously he presses his question,—how can these things be?

The usual "Latin" answer is in one word, "Freemasonry." This is apt to irritate ears, whose lips reply in English: "How can a few men manage you all? It is the wearisome talk once more of some few thousand Freemasons managing thirty-seven million Catholics in France." A blunt English priest simply says it is what you always will have, where you have a passive laity and a narrow-minded clergy: the clergy work the machine, and the laity at first don't care, and at length care enough to turn upon those they do not understand, and then despise, and then hate. So the last case is worse than the first. Be it said that the general moral standing of the clergy south of us seems higher than it was, thanks much to the religious orders—as the French Eudist Fathers—to whom seminaries in those republics have been confided.

We all know the astounding abuses that in some places were, and are, in some sort, tolerated—as where the pious English naval officer, Rudolph de Lisle, hesitated about going to the Mass of a priest living so, and decided against going; he who had, when even a midshipman, braved a captain's wrath, and taken off the English Catholic sailors to that Catholic service to which they had legal right; and who on a French ship had alone gone to Mass, and finally shamed the poor French officers by his example to go and do likewise. But if the clergy are imperfect, they are always more perfect than their laity, even Voltaire (doubtless self-consciously) admitted and laid down. No, even in that land of Voltaire's Jesuits, whose moral standard it astonished their pupil that men could blame; even in the France of Renan, who had

known none but good priests, he said,—even there, we have this ruling of the many by the few. And it is not a thing to be so much wondered at. What is Taine's showing about the minority that made the Terror? What is the true story, now so often told, of the English Reformation? Or, as a Protestant reviewer writes of this last volume III of the *Cambridge Modern History*, on the "Wars of Religion," "in this volume we are spared none of the atrocities of the Calvinists of Holland; and are constantly reminded that their truculent oligarchies ruled a population of which a large majority was Catholic, and denied that majority the right of public worship."

And yet there is this thing belonging more to "Latin" peoples to-day,—the inability to live and let live; that which in its more bare-faced fashion is seen in these smaller American republics in question, where a change of ministry has meant so often a revolution, with prosecuting, with killing: the army is conservative, or it is liberal; and small *coups d'état, à la Napoléon le petit*, have been struck again and again. When a priest tells us he saw an election managed—by the Catholic Conservative party then in power—with a soldier at each side of the polling-booth door, threatening the life of any known "Freemason" who dared to vote,—this, in all frankness, is: "Your religion may bid you tolerate me; mine forbids me to tolerate you." Are you answered?

Pope Pius X and Independent Thought and Action.—The Pope has blessed the lay works in France, "Le Sillon" and "La jeunesse Catholique." One sometimes wonders whether our *jeunesse dorée*, such as it is, knows what many young Frenchmen of position do, what days and nights they give to the better *fraternité*, what patience in instructing the ignorant, what braving of insult, what sacrifice of positions, what devotion to the sick and poor. "Bishops," says the Holy Father, "should welcome such societies got up by laymen, when there is in them filial submission to church authority." In the same month of March the Pope condemned Italian "autonomous Christian Democrats" who declare they have a right to direct and guide social action in opposition to the bishops. And he has lately urged bishops not to ordain seminarists who have "an unchecked spirit of criticism

. . . and are without respect for our great masters, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, those interpreters of revelation." These explanatory words have been omitted, perhaps inadvertently, in some accounts published of what the Pope said against "independence."

St. Patrick's Conquest of all Ireland.—St. Patrick's Day is now, we read, as complete a holiday in Dublin as St. Stephen's Day or Easter Monday. A pious Protestant Episcopalian writes that the Irish working classes have thus secured an extra holiday, through their veneration of their patron Saint. He adds: "Special services were held in Dublin in most of our Irish Catholic churches, as well as in the Roman Catholic places of worship." We remember, only a few years ago, how some Episcopalians were deploring they had no services on St. Patrick's Day; and now, behold, like Newman's astonished Establishment prelates on reading the *Christian Year*, which transformed them into successors of mediæval monks—here are our old Orange friends finding out they have been the truest Mass-priests all along. M. Jourdain was not so surprised when told he was a Mamamouchi. And it is wonderful how soon he and they get accustomed to their new dignities. But what other man can really pay himself with words like our would-be Catholic Episcopalian, writing his funny "litel things in prose," in no wise understanded of the people about whom they are composed? Chaucer's Theseus might be fancied to remark on the honest poor Reformation body that thought to live and die Protestant, and knew nothing of being *Mater Ecclesia* to some desperate, devoted, unheeded sons, that—

> This is yet the beste game of alle,
> That she, for whom they have this Iolitee
> . . . woot namore of al this hote fare,
> By God, than woot a cokkow or an hare.

One of the Last of the Converts.—We mean those Englishmen of some fifty years ago, when Father William Neville was among several clergymen received in one day by Cardinal Newman from one Anglican church, St. Saviour's, Leeds. And yet, as the greatest of the converts said, that church had been founded by such high hopes, and with such deep piety. It bore the inscription asking us to "pray for the sinner that built this church;" and

he, as was known long after, was no other than Dr. Pusey. And then, as Newman himself had found, they went by, and lo! it was gone; and the Anglican church was seen for what it was—nothing, in a Catholic sense, but only the creature of the State, adorned by its renovators' own personal Catholic forms, patient for a while here and there of individual Catholic ideas.

And now Father Neville has died at the Oratory, Birmingham, the literary executor of his great chief, in whose footsteps he may be said literally to have lived. We have seen him there, his greatest happiness seeming to be to talk of Cardinal Newman, to show his room, or rooms, if so the one divided room be called. It is kept as the Cardinal left it, as he used to sweep it out daily,—his table and books as you go in, a small space, where one is hardly able to turn; books up the walls; but his books were spread all over the house and into the library. Then, in another little division of the room, the bed; and beyond, in the third, the altar, the oratory. It does not all make one large room.

No Opposition between Polyphonic and Gregorian.—THE DOLPHIN'S article on training boys' choirs must convince anyone that the training is possible, though the practice thereof must be learned from experts. That is the only way to carry out what has been here so admirably said. And yet there is a word on p. 401, for April, which is regrettable, suggesting that Catholic choristers must be trained for Gregorian music only, as opposed to Anglicans trained for polyphonic or other. This is much to be regretted, whenever suggested; for it discourages those who do not, or cannot, and certainly need not, confine themselves to Gregorian. The Church and the Pope, in the spirit and in the letter, do not thus bind us to one form of church music. How nobly religious are Palestrina, Anerio, Vittoria, de Lasso, Tallis, Byrd! How can we know but by hearing? Oh, if our unhappy priests and people did but hear, they would never sigh again for the wretched, dreamy nonsense, vulgar sentiment and irreligious noise of the west gallery, that old hindrance to piety.

Queen's Colleges, Ireland.—An article in the April *American Catholic Quarterly* declares that Irish Catholics desire a university with "independence in internal administration . . . such as that enjoyed by the Colleges of Oxford, Cambridge, or Berlin." The writer might have added to Oxford and Cambridge, Trinity

College, Dublin. He should not have added Berlin, where professors are appointed by the outside government authority in education. But Trinity College, Dublin, is "independent in internal administration." The writer gives this independence a bad name when he discusses Trinity College; a good name when he discusses colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. Not apparently understanding the collegiate terms "co-opt" and "elect," he does not seem to realize that, in Trinity College, Fellowship is the result purely of examination. Three Catholics in thirty years are all that have been "elected" Fellows. Did more than three Catholics present themselves? If every set of highest marks had been made by a Catholic, every Fellow would be a Catholic. There is no other question, for to-day, and to-morrow. Until some thirty years ago Catholics were excluded from Fellowships, and were neither examined therefor, nor elected, nor co-opted, unless as apostates. For the last thirty years they have excluded themselves. They may be right in so doing, or they may be wrong. But it is really absurd to talk now as if there was some law against their competing. And of course it is pure ignorance to talk of "election" of Trinity College Fellows in the literal or even in the Oxford sense.

Again, what does it mean to confuse oneself by writing that the Queen's Colleges in Ireland have had a tendency from the beginning of a distinctly sectarian kind? The Catholics may have been right or wrong in not going there. But that these colleges have not had Catholic students in majority is simply because Catholic students have been discouraged from going. They are not only "ostensibly," but really undenominational. Opportunities were offered for having Catholic deans of residence, priests. A little less than half the Irish Catholic bishops were for accepting the Colleges. The first president of Queen's College, Galway, was a priest. But Archbishop MacHale fought against them, and conquered Archbishop Murray of Dublin who was for them; and the Archbishop of Tuam was supported by the condemnation of the colleges by Pope Pius IX. That is why, as we read "the number of Catholic students is distinctly a minus quantity." Do let us have the facts about Ireland—land laws, education laws, Castle rule, and all—as they are to-day, not as they were three centuries ago, or even in the middle of the century that is past.

Studies and Conferences.

HOW HISTORY IS MADE AND SOLD.

In the April number of THE DOLPHIN appeared a short article under the title "*A Non-Sectarian History*," signed "Inquirer." The paper was a communication from a gentleman prominently connected with the work of Catholic Higher Education in America, who wished to direct attention to the fact that an active canvass was being made for the sale, to Catholic institutions and libraries, of a work which is hostile to Catholic interests. We quote here the words of "Inquirer" as printed in THE DOLPHIN:

"*Rev. Dear Sir*:—A subscription agent for a work entitled 'The History of North America,' which is to be completed in twenty volumes, left with me some advertising matter, from which I learn that the Editor-in-Chief of the work is Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., assisted by 'twenty distinguished scholars' who are to write the volumes, and are to be assisted 'by a board of forty College Presidents, forty Professors, and many Men of Affairs.' The work is to be 'non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-sectional;' in evidence whereof, no doubt, a supplementary broad-sheet gives the names of prominent Catholic subscribers, etc. The 'Editorial Board' includes the Rev. Edward H. Welch, S.J., of Georgetown College, Condé B. Pallen, Esq., J. F. Edwards, Ph.D., of Notre Dame University; while the 'Board of Exclusion and Inclusion' includes the Rev. Jerome Daugherty, S.J., President of Georgetown College, and the Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D., of the Catholic University.

"Under such auspices, I have no doubt that the work will prove of great value from a Catholic standpoint; and my purpose in addressing you on the subject is to learn, if possible, just what part the Catholic gentlemen I have mentioned have taken in the preparation of the work—how far their advice ran and was followed, what subjects or treatments they succeeded in 'excluding' or 'including,' whether or not they were permitted to revise, in any volume, offensive statement or style of presentation (I mean, of course, offensive from a Catholic point of view), etc. My desire to learn something of such matters arises from the fact that prominent Catholic scholars are prominently advertised to prospective Catholic subscribers, who will de-

pend on such names to authenticate the claim that the History is to be 'non-sectarian;' and I am led to address you on the subject because, on examining the first volume of the work ('Discovery and Exploration'), I find statements and language which I think a Catholic might fairly object to. I will instance the following . . ."

The writer then gives several instances of evident sectarian bias contained in the first volume, and concludes:

"Now, Mr. Editor, does not this 'non-sectarian' History, so prominently patronized by Catholic names, need some revision? I am willing to believe that the prominent names of Catholic scholars advertised as on the various Boards of its editorial management, are guarantees of some favorable treatment of Catholic interests in some of the succeeding volumes. But what I should very much like to know is, just to what extent, and in what precise way their semi-editorial functions were exercised. As their names are so prominently advertised in connection with the work, I think I may fairly ask such questions. INQUIRER."

In view of the very reasonable wish expressed by "Inquirer," to know "just to what extent, and in what precise way" the Catholic scholars above referred to exercised their semi-editorial functions, we wrote to some of the gentlemen whose names appear in the advertisement. The following is an exact reproduction of the circular presented to "Inquirer" by the agent of the firm of Barrie & Sons, authorized to solicit subscriptions for the work. This was within two weeks before the issue of the (April) number of THE DOLPHIN in which appears the letter of "Inquirer."

THE HISTORY OF NORTH AMERICA.

NON-SECTIONAL. NON-PARTISAN. NON-SECTARIAN.

Based on a Plan suggested to and approved by a Special Committee of the American Historical Association.

BY TWENTY DISTINGUISHED SCHOLARS, ASSISTED BY A BOARD OF FORTY COLLEGE PRESIDENTS, FORTY PROFESSORS, AND MANY MEN OF AFFAIRS.

ON ADVISORY BOARD.

Thomas Joseph Shahan, D.D., Professor of Church History and Patrology and Lecturer on Roman Law in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.
President Jerome Daugherty, S.J., Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.

ON EDITORIAL BOARD.

Edward H. Welch, S.J., Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.

PROMINENT PERSONS WHO HAVE GIVEN ASSISTANCE OR ENCOURAGEMENT.

Rev. William T. Russell, S.T.L., Secretary to His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore, Md.
Professor Charles G. Herbermann, Columbia University, New York City.
Rev. Fr. Thomas C. Middleton, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.
Rev. E. I. Devitt, S.J., Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.
Rev. Henry J. Shandelle, S.J., Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.
Rev. P. Otto Jeron, Capuchin Monastery, Wisconsin.
Rev. J. M. O'Sullivan, S.J., Santa Clara College, California.
Rev. C. M. Widman, S.J., Librarian, Jesuit College, New Orleans, La.

A FEW REPRESENTATIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City.
Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar-General, Archdiocese of New York.
The Catholic Club, New York City.
Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., President, St. John's College, Fordham, New York City.
Richard S. Treacy, Esq., Treasurer, United Catholic Historical Society.
Rev. John J. Burke, Editor, *The Catholic World.*
Rev. Thomas A. Thornton, Superintendent, New York Catholic Schools.
Rt. Rev. William H. O'Connell, Bishop, Diocese of Portland, Maine.
Academy of Our Lady, Longwood, Illinois.
Very Rev. Peter Scotti, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New Orleans.
Rev. Joseph F. Hanselman, S.J., President, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., Boston College, Boston, Mass.
J. F. Edwards, Ph.D., Notre Dame University, Indiana.
Father J. L. Wise, Yazoo City, Mississippi.
Brother Charles, Cathedral School, Natchez, Mississippi.

On a page opposite the above-mentioned list of Catholic scholars we find the following specifications relating to the work of the (Catholic) Church to be treated in these volumes:—

Pre-Columbian establishments of the Church in America are chronicled.
The influence of the Church in the discovery is shown.
Full significance of the work of the Catholic Church in North America demonstrated.
The Catholic pioneer missions in Canada are amply noticed.
The admirable labors of Marquette and his companions and successors are accorded their just place.
The noble work of the missionaries in the Lake regions finds its record in this history.
The labors and conflicts of the various orders in Canada are described.

The relations of Church and State are fully considered.
The attitude of the Catholics on the transfer of the sovereignty of Canada is justly outlined.
The Church in Acadia forms a most valuable study as narrated here.
The attitude of Canadian Catholics in the Revolutionary War is described without shade of bias.
The zeal of the missionaries in Florida and their civilizing labors are presented with conspicuous justness.
The place of the Catholic missionaries in the opening up of the Mississippi country is accorded its due importance.
The struggle between the Catholic orders in Louisiana finds its record.
The part played by the Catholic missionaries in the Illinois country is set forth.
The growth and development of the Catholic colony of Maryland is narrated at length.
The long story of the Catholic missions in California, Arizona, and New Mexico is given due importance.
The labors of Father Serra find appreciative record.
The faithful work of Las Casas in Hispaniola and New Spain is ably portrayed.
The work and influence of the Catholic Church in Mexico are treated at length.
The influence of the Church in peace and war is chronicled impartially.
Catholic disabilities in the colonies are given their due place.
The anti-Catholic movement in New York is explained.
The influence of the Catholics is judicially considered in the struggle for the sovereignty of North America.
The influence of the Catholics in the Philippines and Porto Rico is concisely demonstrated.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

With the above circular "Inquirer" received a more detailed prospectus, in which the names of the patrons already mentioned are placed among those from other non-Catholic institutions of learning, figuring as members of an *Editorial Board* and an *Advisory Board*, and thus are made to serve as a voucher for the non-sectarian and non-partisan character of the work.

As a further demonstration of the absolute confidence which the prospective subscriber of the History might place in the above testimony, there are printed in the prospectus some letters from well-known Catholics who express their conviction that a work so well endorsed is certain to prove thoroughly satisfactory to Catholic students. Among these letters is one from the President of the University of Ottawa, the Very Rev. J. E. Emery, who informs the reader that the work is "*especially valuable by the absence of prejudiced thesis.*" And the list concludes with a letter of commendation from John J. Rooney, Esq., which clearly shows

how the writer was impressed by the use of the names in the prospectus of Messrs. Barrie & Sons. Mr. Rooney's letter reads:

"I take great pleasure in commending the comprehensive *History of North America* issued under the editorship of Professor Lee, of Johns Hopkins University, and his staff of eminent associates. I particularly value the fact that this editorial board includes such men as the *Rev. Edward H. Welch, S.J.*, of Georgetown College, and that the work throughout, for the first time within my knowledge, gives full recognition to the work of Catholic missionaries in the early history of the country and to the civilizing and patriotic mission of the Church in all of our subsequent history. This work has been ignored or slighted in the past, much to the dissatisfaction of fair-minded scholars of every creed.

"In other respects I find the volumes delivered to the Catholic Club Library, on my order as chairman of the Library Committee, most interesting and comprehensive. In my opinion this work will begin a new era in the interpretation and writing of American history."

JOHN J. ROONEY.

New York.

WHAT MEMBERS OF THE ADVISORY AND EDITORIAL BOARDS HAVE TO SAY.

The Editor of THE DOLPHIN addressed the following note to the gentlemen mentioned in the circular of Messrs. Barrie & Sons as members of the Advisory and Editorial Boards, respectively, and as patrons of the work:

EDITOR'S ROOMS, OVERBROOK, PA., April 5, 1905.

Dear Sir :—

With this letter we mail to you a copy of the issue of the April DOLPHIN containing a reference to "The History of North America," published by Barrie & Sons, of Philadelphia.

As we are anxious to satisfy the legitimate doubts of "Inquirer" (a prominent priest of this city), whose attitude, no doubt, represents that of others of our readers, we beg to ask you what value is to be attached to the use of your name, mentioned in the prospectus, which invites Catholic Institutions to subscribe to the work.

H. J. HEUSER,
AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In reply the Editor received the following letters, which throw a somewhat interesting light on the proceedings of Messrs. Barrie & Sons:

I.

Dear Sir :—

In response to the communication from "Inquirer," in the April number of THE DOLPHIN, I wish to state that the use of my name, in connection with "The History of North America," published by George Barrie & Sons, of Philadelphia, is absolutely unwarranted, and in no way have I ever vouched for, nor do I now vouch for, the character of this work. I was engaged last fall by the publishers to make a Catholic revision of "The History of North America," but as most of the revisions I made for the first volume were not incorporated in the work, I declined to proceed with it, and distinctly refused to allow the use of my name in connection with the History. I am now writing Messrs. George Barrie & Sons for an explanation.

CONDÉ B. PALLEN.

New York.

II.

My Dear Father Heuser :—

In reply to your letter of March 30th, I will say that the following are the facts in the case :—

Last fall I was approached by the editor of the enterprise in question, and asked to become a member of a Board of Exclusion and Inclusion, with a view of making the work acceptable to Catholic readers. I agreed to this proposition, but wrote at the same time that it was to be clearly stated that I was not responsible in any way for the text in the volumes already printed. This was agreed on. Since then other volumes have been published which were in no wise submitted to my consideration. As soon as I had learned of their appearance, I wrote to the editor, also to the publisher, requesting that they no longer make use of my name. I have a letter from the publisher promising that in the future they will not do so.

Yours very sincerely in Xto,

THOMAS J. SHAHAN.

The Catholic University of America.

III.

Rev. Dear Sir :—

I am in receipt of your favor of the 5th inst. In reply, I have to say that Barrie & Sons have no authority to use my name in connection with their "History of America."

My connection with Barrie & Sons is briefly this: either Barrie himself, or an agent, called to see me, and offered to let me have the first six volumes free, if I would give him my endorsement of the History. I told him to leave the volumes with me, and I would read them, and then tell him whether I could endorse them. I wrote him shortly after, telling him that no Catholic could endorse such a History, as it was full of misrepresentations and falsehoods. I returned the six volumes which he had left with me, and at the same time wrote him, asking that my name be not used in any connection with this publication, as I had been told privately that he had given my name as a reference.

I laid this whole matter before Father Wynne, S.J., Editor of *The Messenger*, and I think it would be well for your Reverence to find out what he has to say on it.

Very sincerely in Christ,

J. COLLINS, S.J.

Fordham College, New York.

IV.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—

In answer to your note of April 5th, we wish to say that no value at all is to be attached to the use of our name which, as you say, is mentioned in a prospectus inviting Catholic Institutions to subscribe to a History of America published by Barrie & Sons, Philadelphia.

We refused to recommend the work, and refused an advertisement for the same in the pages of *The Catholic World*, and were about to show its errors in our Review Columns, when the publishers sent us hasty word to the effect that all copies similar to the ones they sent us were withdrawn from the market; that errors had been pointed out to them, and that they would not sell anything but a corrected edition.

We never saw the prospectus of which you speak, but because of your note will write to the publishers immediately. We remain,

Very truly yours,

JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.,
Editor, *The Catholic World.*

V.

Dear Sir:—

My relations to the American History, published by Barrie & Sons, were simple enough. I received some two years ago a note from Dr. Lee, the editor of the book, asking whether I read of any MSS.

throwing light on American history. I promptly replied in the negative. Some months later a gentleman called on me requesting the use of my name as endorsing the work. I declined, remarking that, until the entire work was out, I could not endorse it, as I would not endorse what I did not know.

I had no further dealing with the gentlemen; whether they overestimated my services to them, I leave you to judge.

I remain,

Yours truly,

New York. C. G. HERBERMANN.

VI.

My Dear Sir:—

In reply to your question as to my help in reference to the "History of North America," published by Barrie & Sons, of Philadelphia, I beg leave to reply that I have had absolutely nothing whatever to do with the work. It is true that the College subscription was given to the firm through me as librarian. But beyond this I have never written or criticised a line for the work. When Professor Lee, the editor, wrote to me, and invited me to become an associate editor, I replied that it was out of the question for me, with my many College and Church duties, to take so heavy a burden upon my shoulders. I regret that there has been so much misrepresentation in the matter. It shakes one's faith in the business integrity both of the publisher and of the editor.

With deep respect,

Yours sincerely,

Boston, Mass. (REV.) THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.

VII.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW:

Much obliged to you. R. F. Wynne had already drawn my attention to the unauthorized use of my name. In consequence, three or four months ago, I wrote to the Messrs. Barrie, protesting in my own name (and also that of V. Rev. P. Scotti, Chancellor of the diocese), and in return was told by them that they had been induced into error by their agent. The fact is, that we had been told that the work would be strictly unsectional,—*i. e.*, to contain nothing at which Catholics could reasonably be offended. I did not even subscribe to the work, though V. Rev. P. Scotti did, if I mistake not.

Yours very devotedly,

New Orleans, La. C. M. WIDMAN, S.J.

The name of Father John Wynne, S.J., editor of *The Messenger*, does not appear among those whom Messrs. Barrie & Sons present to the prospective Catholic subscribers whom they wish to convince of the non-sectarian character of Dr. Lee's work. But Father Wynne had been approached in the matter, and to his courteous foresight we are indebted for the following letter, which explains itself:

VIII.

Dear Sir:—

I know that Mr. Pallen can answer satisfactorily the questions of "Inquirer," in his letter in your April number about the errors in "The History of North America;" but I should like to supplement Mr. Pallen's letter, by answering for a number of others whose names have been used by Geo. Barrie & Sons, to recommend this History. As this practice is growing altogether too common among certain booksellers, I think it desirable that Catholics everywhere should be put upon their guard against it, and taught that they should not buy subscription books without examining them, or, at least, without ascertaining how far the persons whose names are used to recommend them, have approved of them.

Last September an agent of Geo. Barrie & Sons asked me to buy "The History of North America," by Guy Carleton Lee, offering me a circular containing the names of those who had given the editor "courteous attention, valuable assistance, encouragement or approval." He wished me to purchase the work on the strength of these names, but I insisted on examining it. A glance at the first four volumes satisfied me that some of the parties mentioned in the circular did not know the character of this History, and accordingly I wrote to ten of them, all very good friends of mine, only to receive, as I expected, such replies as:

1. "I have never either spoken a word or written a line for them."

2. "I refused to entertain the proposition of purchasing the book. . . . I have given no aproval to the work, and the use of my name to promote the sale of the book is on a par with the spirit of lying to be found in its pages."

3. "So far I have not seen the volumes and was not aware of their existence. I distinctly protest against the assertion that I have contributed anything to the History or approved of it in any shape or form."

4. "The statement that I gave them aid and comfort is based on the fact that I informed them that I knew of no important historical documents lying around here in New York, or in the Catholic Historical Society. The value set upon this 'valuable aid' would make a megalomaniac of any man without rheumatism. . . . They put down the name of my assistant librarian just as they did mine, and for the reason or rather pretense of a reason, that he wrote to Lee that we had not certain documents in our library. This leads me to think that the business was carried on systematically."

5. "I intend to withdraw my name from the list of subscribers to the book. The truth is I have not yet taken the volumes already received out of the packages in which they came."

6. "I have subscribed for a set. This fact I should not wish Geo. Barrie & Sons to exploit for any unwarranted uses."

Three write that they have instructed Dr. Lee to withdraw their names from any connection whatever with the work, but their name are still on the circular, used by the Barries' agents. They are Father Welch, of Georgetown University, since dead; Father Daugherty, President of that Institution, now absent; and Professor Edwards, of Notre Dame University.

No. 10 admits that he had read the elenchus of the volumes before they appeared, but only once. He referred them to several rare books in his library, but they never consulted them or made any request for practical assistance.

On receiving these replies, I wrote to George Barrie & Sons, who explained that "an over-zealous subordinate considers that a subscription to the work may be considered encouragement. We have, however, destroyed all these circulars." At their request, I suggested that they should ask Mr. Condé B. Pallen to revise the errors contained in the volumes already issued, and Dr. Shahan to safeguard them from similar errors in the future. Mr. Pallen made several revisions which the publishers referred to me, and of which I approved, but it seems that the editor, Dr. Lee, would not accept them all. Thereupon, Mr. Pallen instructed the publishers not to use his name in connection with "The History of North America." Dr. Shahan, if I am rightly informed, declined to have any part in the work, but still his name, like that of Dr. Pallen, appears in their circulars.

Accepting in good faith Messrs. Barrie's promises to revise this work, I refrained from censuring it in *The Messenger*, though I did write to the editors of several Catholic newspapers to give them warn-

ing about it. Since the publishers have failed to keep their promise, I am glad that "Inquirer" has sounded the alarm, and I trust that those who have been led to buy this work on false pretenses, will insist on cancelling any contracts they have made for it.

Yours sincerely,

New York City. JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J.

IX.

Dear Sir :—

In reply to your kind letter of March 30th, I beg to state that I never endorsed or permitted my name to be used in connection with the non-sectarian history to which you refer. Two years ago I was asked by Mr. Carleton Lee to look over advance sheets or proofs of the work, but I never received them. Instead some headings or outlines of chapters were forwarded to me. There was nothing to take hold of. I regret that my name was used. Last fall I wrote to Mr. Lee and I also wrote to Mr. Barrie, the publisher. Both regretted that the work did not appeal to Catholics. Mr. Lee informed me that he had secured the services of Mr. Condé Pallen to overlook forthcoming volumes.

Very sincerely,

Notre Dame University. J. F. EDWARDS.

The Very Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Middleton, O.S.A., in answer to our note, said that he had no recollection of ever having seen "The History of North America," published by Messrs. Barrie & Sons, and promptly wrote to the firm to ascertain what action of his had given them occasion to use his name. The answer which Dr. Middleton received from Messrs. Barrie is indicative of the way in which the business members of the firm mean in all probability to deal with the rather serious charge implied in the foregoing statements.

GEORGE BARRIE & SONS, PUBLISHERS.

1313 WALNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, April 7, 1905.

FR. THOMAS C. MIDDLETON, O.S.A.,

St. Thomas' Monastery, Villanova, Pa.

Reverend and Dear Sir:—

We have the pleasure of acknowledging receipt of your favor of the 6th instant, in response to which we write to state that your name

appears in two places in our circulars apropos of "The History of North America"—in the large pamphlet, list following page 12, among those who are thanked for courteous attention and valuable assistance, and in the small circular among the list of prominent persons who have given assistance.

Your name was given us by Dr. Lee, who recently sent to us, as authority for doing so, your letter to him dated April 4, 1903, and the data sheet which accompanied it.

We do not find that we have made any claim that you approved the *History*.

With assurances of the highest esteem, we have the honor to remain, dear Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE BARRIE & SONS.

"*We do not find that we have made any claim that you approved the 'History,'*" is an extraordinary statement in face of the facts at hand.

To several of the above-mentioned gentlemen the firm acknowledged that it had no right to advertise itself through the names mentioned, and promised to withdraw the notices. This was months since. As a matter of fact, the agents continued to use the circulars after the protest had been lodged and the promise had been given to suppress the advertisements. To say that the agents used the circulars against the wish of the firm is as plausible as to affirm that Messrs. Barrie made up their circular in the good faith that Catholic scholars would knowingly endorse the work after they had obtained cognizance of its actual character.

How far Dr. Lee is in league with his publishers may be a matter of free conjecture, but his statement as given in the letters of Dr. Condé Pallen, Father Wynne and others, suggests some doubt as to his ability to edit an impartial work of history. Perhaps Dr. Lee may have something to say to undo this impression. We should be glad if it were so. But, as the matter appears at present, a grave injustice has been done to Catholics in America, to which is being added the disgraceful attempt to tax them by obtaining their endorsement and subscription through methods that have all the appearance of premeditated deception.

BAPTISM AND THE BEATIFIC VISION.

The Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., who, although not professing our holy faith, is well known in literary circles as an exponent and defender, against current Protestant criticism, of certain apostolic and historic traditions maintained in the Catholic Church, writes to us:

Dear Sir:—

I understand that . . . hold the opinion that unbaptized children dying in infancy, besides enjoying perfect natural beatitude, including the natural knowledge and love of God, will at the Day of Judgment be all received to the Beatific Vision. May I ask how far this opinion seems now to be received in the Catholic Church, and whether it is spreading? As I understand, it has encountered no expression of disapprobation from Authority. . . .

Very sincerely,

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

To this we answer: The opinion that, as the sacramental grace of Baptism may be supplied through martyrdom (baptism of blood), or through a desire for the Sacrament on the part of those who are out of its actual reach, so it may also be obtained for the helpless child by the prayers or vows of the parent *when there is no means of administering it in effect*, has been expressed by theologians of repute, among whom are usually cited St. Bonaventure, Durandus a S. Porciano, Gerson (*doctor christianissimus*), and Cardinal Cajetan. The rigorous interpretation of the letter of the evangelical precept, calculated to safeguard its exact fulfilment in the Church, made this opinion naturally unpopular; and the danger of propagating a lax view regarding the necessity of regeneration by the sacramental act, no doubt influenced the more or less emphatic insistence upon such literal interpretation on the part of the authoritative exponents of ecclesiastical discipline. That danger is to be feared no less to-day than in the past. Nevertheless, since free discussion, which in former times was restricted to the scholastic arena, has become the common exercise of the Catholic apologist in intelligent lay circles as well as among the students of theology, the precaution which builds against traditional fear, has yielded to a more simple and, at the same time, critical examination of the groundwork of our faith.

When we come to inquire: What has the Church defined regarding the fate of children who die without the Sacrament of Baptism? we find no conclusive warrant for the opinion that they are eternally excluded from the Beatific Vision. Neither the declaration of Innocent III, so often cited in disputes on this subject, nor those of the Councils of Lyons and Florence, express any other doctrinal belief than this,—that sin, both original and actual, deprives the soul of the Beatific Vision. But they do not state that original sin may not be removed by means other than sacramental Baptism or martyrdom when it is absolutely impossible to receive this grace through direct ministration. If the Church inculcates the absolute necessity of Baptism under pain of forfeiting the happiness of heaven, she interprets to us God's *revealed will*, but *not His intentions* with regard to the individual souls of infants or of adults who may, without their own fault, die outside the *visible* fold of Christ. Hence she has not and, we venture to say, *will never give authoritative sanction* to either the opinion that unbaptized children are eternally excluded, or that they are to be admitted to the Beatific Vision.

Both views are simply opposing conjectures as to what God may do with souls who die outside the visible communion of Christ's Church. The opinions of theological writers can have no weight with the Church in the matter of defining the fate of souls or the designs of God regarding them, although such opinions may influence her legislation regarding the duty of administering Baptism as an essential requisite to *enjoying the privileges of external communion with the Church.* This is, no doubt, the point which Mr. Starbuck's question seeks to clear up; for the Church teaches that *Baptism is essential to salvation.* Any thinking mind must, of course, realize the wide difference between the statement that "a child who has not been baptized *forfeits the right to the Beatific Vision*" and the statement that "a child who has not been baptized (with water, as prescribed in the Church) is *forever excluded from the Beatific Vision.*" In the one case we have a statement of *law;* in the other we have a *prophetic* utterance regarding the ultimate fate of those who are dependent on God's mercy; and the difference is one of such radical character that both can never be identified, however closely related they may be.

The fact that Christ has made the Baptism of water an essential requisite of entrance into heaven has been ordinarily understood to mean that one who does not comply with this command will justly be excluded from the Beatific Vision. And such a sanction to the observance of a divine law is but reasonable. If it were not made a penalty, we should, as has already been said, make light of its observance. But when God threatened death to those who gazed upon the ark of the covenant, and actually inflicted the penalty, as in the case of Oza, who was anxious to uphold the swaying ark and who momentarily forgot the divine command, we may not conclude that Oza, although he died under the anger of God, was eternally condemned to hell. So there is a wide difference between the teaching that Baptism is essential to salvation and the statement that a child who dies without Baptism forfeits forever the Beatific Vision. For between the two propositions lies the mercy of God who may supply the essential grace that opens the eyes of the soul to the Beatific Vision by the same or similar means whereby He supplies it to those who died before the promulgation of the Evangelical Law, to the Holy Innocents, to the martyrs and to all those who sincerely desire such a grace, even though they may never have heard of the Sacrament of Baptism.

And this mercy of God is not a mere conjecture, but is based upon the express words of our Divine Lord, words equally as strong as those in which He laid down the precept of baptism by water. Thus, when He who came to save all men, and who did not wish that one should perish, tells us through St. John (1 : 9) that He "enlighteneth *every man that cometh into this world*," He gives a very clear indication that the grace of baptism by water will be supplied to those who *cannot* comply with His other command. And the further words which bid even those who can avail themselves of the sacramental rite, become like little children "for the Kingdom of Heaven is for such" (St. Matt. 19: 14); and that "*it is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones be lost*,"[1] indicate that the trust of a Christian mother whose little one is dying upon her bosom without her being able to procure for it the baptismal rite, hoping and praying that she

[1] St. Matt. 18: 14. See also St. Matt. 18: 3; St. Luke 18: 17.

may meet the child before the throne of God, is not an idle or sentimental wish beyond all possibility of fulfilment. And that this view is gaining ground is not due to any change in the doctrinal attitude of the Church, but rather to the growth of education in what was once the exclusive domain of theologians and perhaps a necessary limitation in view of the rude conceptions which new converts to the faith had of the functions of law and discipline within the Church.

We have the same transitional period in the case of Jewish Law from the severe interpretation of the literal command in Exodus to the gentle construction placed upon the Mosaic law by our Lord in the case of the adulterous woman. How far this temperament of a broader and no doubt truer exegesis has obtained in the Church, cannot be definitely stated any more than how far the critical study of the Bible has gained ground among Catholics. But in any case it is not a matter in which the Church has anything to define or alter as teacher or even as disciplinarian of her children. Hence, while we may say that the tendency toward the milder interpretation of the exclusive sense of our Lord's words, and of the disciplinary laws and practices which are based upon these words, is gaining ground, there can hardly be any question as to *authoritative* sanction in the ordinarily accepted meaning of the words among Catholics. The extent to which this milder interpretation actually exists is to be measured by the extent of intellectual education which makes apologetic knowledge popular.

MASS FOR DECEASED PROTESTANTS.

Qu. Would you in the issue for May kindly reply to these queries of a subscriber?

1. Can Mass be said for a deceased Protestant?

2. Can a person presumably a Protestant, such, *e. g.*, as the late Queen of England, obtain the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, once a year, by going to a church outside the district, for extraordinary reasons, in order to belong to the soul of the Church?

The report, assumed by some to be founded on fact, was that Queen Victoria made a visit each year to France, to comply with the obligations of Holy Church, belonging, therefore, to the Church, though in her official capacity not manifesting it in England.

Resp. Mass as an act of simple intercession may be offered for any person, living or dead, who is not known to be beyond the pale of God's redeeming mercy. Unless we have a sure revelation—which no one has a right to claim for himself—we may not assume of any person, Protestant or infidel included, that at their dying moment the redeeming grace of Christ through a silent act of repentance was denied them. Therefore we are free to believe that intercessory prayer and the Mass will benefit them.

But while we are at liberty to assume this for ourselves and offer our prayers or the Mass in their behalf, we may not call upon the Church in her solemn or public function to attest this assumption or belief in the case of a person who *outwardly* gave testimony that he or she did *not* belong to the Church, whatever the inward disposition, of which God alone judges, may have been. For the Church is a visible communion standing for the *external profession of faith;* and as she solemnizes Mass for those who belong to her outward communion, although they may be faithless at heart, so she excludes from her public solemnities those who do not belong to her outward communion, although they may die in God's pleasure, not having known the Catholic truth. Hence the celebration of solemn Mass is not allowed in the latter case, for that celebration is more than an intercessory act: it is a public profession that the deceased was in union with the outward communion of the Church Militant.

As to the supposed action of Queen Victoria, we must confess that the hypothesis seems to us wholly unlikely. It might indeed be admitted that circumstances involving the peace of a great nation and the temporal rights of those dependent upon her position as Queen of England, would justify her in not making a public profession of faith by which she would have forfeited the throne and probably created revolution, and increased antagonism to the Catholic subjects of the realm; but no such reason could have permitted her to profess at the same time the Protestant faith by outward acts of adherence to the National Church, such as we fancy are required from an English sovereign. That would be, not merely to dissemble the truth for the sake of charity, but to simulate falsehood for the sake of an earthly prerogative, which is never lawful for king or for beggar.

THE BOYS' CHOIR.

Editor of THE DOLPHIN:

I have read with considerable interest the admirable papers on Chancel Choirs by Professor Finn and Mr. O'Brien, in the March and April numbers of THE DOLPHIN. May I be permitted to say a few words concerning the work which is being done at St. Vincent's in Boston?

We have a splendid organization of fifty boys and men. In our practices we say little or nothing about registers. We have found from experience that by having the boys sing softly *all* the time in their vocalizes the "break" in the voice disappears very soon. The best authorities seem to incline to the doctrine that the head voice should be carried as low as possible, and the lower the better; and if it can be carried downward through the entire compass of the voice, the result is most effective, as has been amply proved at St. Vincent's.

Our boys have become so proficient in the production of the head voice that a clear, round tone is easily produced on *A* flat above the staff, and it is only a question of a few months' additional practice when they will be able to take a "high C." While the average chancel or sanctuary choir must either lower the pitch of the music, or at least confine the compass of the music to the limits of the five lines of the staff, we are able, at St. Vincent's, through our frequent and persistent practices on head tones, to increase the brilliancy of our music by pitching certain tunes from one to two tones higher than written. As an instance of this, I may mention that the two processionals we have prepared for Easter are written in *G*, but we have transposed them to *B* flat, and this notwithstanding the fact that they are to be sung, as all our music is, *a capella*.

I do not speak of these things in the spirit of egotism, but only to emphasize that what we have done can be done in any city parish, and in most country parishes. There must, however, be an intense interest in the work on the part of the choir, choirmaster, and pastor. The results at St. Vincent's could never have been obtained without the inspiring and indefatigable interest of our pastor, the Rev. George J. Patterson.

Fully ninety per cent., I should say, of the average boys in our Catholic schools are susceptible to the scientific training of the voice, provided they have a true, musical ear.

Apropos of the exclusive use of head tones, and of their effect upon

the brilliancy of the music, I would say that the New York City St. John's Chapel (Episcopal), where the head voice is used entirely, has had for many years one of the very best and most noted of the many splendid "boy" choirs in that city. The singing of Mr. Le Jeune's boys—and I have heard them many times during the past two decades—cannot be criticised for lack of brilliancy. Writing on this subject, Mr. G. Edward Stubbs, organist and choirmaster of St. Agnes' Chapel (Episcopal), New York City, says: "A more fatal mistake cannot be made than that of strengthening the lower notes by the retention of more or less 'thick' (chest) quality. The 'break' should not be merely smoothed, modified, or lessened—it should be *eradicated.* This cannot be accomplished by any compromise system of training which aims at securing the purity of the upper register *and* the reedy timbre of the lower."

I am familiar with the Gregorian Chant, having made a study of it for years, but I am not aware that it presents any difficulty of rendition to the boy voice trained entirely in the head register. The advantage of the head quality throughout the entire compass of the voice is that of securing that beautifully soft effect so much desired in the boy voice, and that devotional quality which tends to give to the music of the Church the *sursum corda* character, which all choirmasters should ever strive for.

I cannot agree with my friend, Mr. O'Brien, in regard to the necessity of embodying organist and choirmaster in one man. Mr. O'Brien says that there are "subtle ways which, indeed, he (the organist) cannot explain himself, but by which with his fingers on the keys he can so wield his singers as to produce any desired impression upon their minds." If the music has been prepared with proper care and constant practice, the desired impression will be indelibly fixed in the minds of the youthful choristers long before they take their places in the choir stalls.

And further: "In these day of opportunity for the able organist he should not be content to be merely a mechanical automaton while the choirmaster holds the authority and represents the greater brains of the combination." The average Catholic organist needs a strong arm over him to keep him from "drowning" the singers. I have in mind a "boy" choir which I heard recently in a Catholic church, where the little fellows were made to shout themselves hoarse so that, apparently, the organist might have ample opportunity and full scope to show off the "loud" effects of the really magnificent organ over

which he presided. In this choir, the boys' voices trembled on an *F* (fifth line), and the chanting was one long execrable shout.

At the Westminster Cathedral, in London, the organ is subordinated to the singing, and the *a capella* is used a great deal. I think an ideal chancel choir would be one where the processional, recessional, and Proper were sung *a capella*, and the Ordinary with modified organ accompaniment.

I hope I have not intruded too much upon your valuable space. I wish you could hear all of the many words of praise the articles you have already printed have called forth in this neighborhood.

Albert Barnes Meyers,
Choirmaster, St. Vincent's Sanctuary Choir.
Roxbury, Mass.

Criticisms and Notes.

THE MAY-BOOK OF THE BREVIARY. Translated from the Latin and arranged by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 141.

Those who have been endowed with that fine spiritual perception which is capable of realizing the inner beauty as well as the saving power of the Church of Christ, derive as a rule a keen satisfaction from a study of the liturgical books,—the Missal, Ritual, and Breviary. There is, however, a certain mysteriousness that surrounds these treasure caskets enclosing the love messages of the Spouse of Christ, and the traditional principle which in the early ages sanctioned the "Discipline of the Secret" still maintains, through the use of the Latin tongue and the restrictions placed upon indiscriminate translations, a prudent reserve which has prevented the more intimate thoughts and reflections contained in the Church's prayers from becoming common property.

These treasures manifold and of infinite variety may, however, be interpreted for those who have not the mastery of that sweet sacred language in which she speaks with living voice at the altar, in the choir, at the brink of the font in her baptistery, and at the sick-bed in the home whose inmates answer *Amen* to the priest as he knocks at the door with the words of his Master: *Pax huic domui.*

In this little *May-Book* Father Fitzpatrick gives the English reader a passing glimpse of that beauty taken from the pages of the Roman Breviary and illustrating in varicolored details the fair theme of Our Lady's Month. For the thirty-one days of May we have thirty-one brief reflections upon the history or the prerogatives of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven: Mary, the Mirror—The purest pearl of Time's great Sea—The Fiat—Eva's Name reversing—The Loss of Jesus in Jerusalem, etc. These reflections are translations from the Matin Offices of the various feasts of Our Lady throughout the year. And what gives them additional value is that they were all written by canonized Saints, holy bishops of the Church whose special mission it is to teach,—Saints Ambrose, Chrysostom, Epiphanius, Jerome, Augustine, Chrysologus, Cyril of Alexandria, and Leo the Great,—all

of them Doctors as well as pontiffs. From the lips and pens of these, and of others who followed the same sweet attraction, flow the eulogies and instructions which Holy Church repeats through the year, and which are here given, in almost too literal fashion (for reverence's sake), that the devout English reader may be edified by them. At the end of each reading the *Magnificat*, that sweetest song of earth, the *Salve*, and then a little prayer, varied for each day, follow. It is a little book, a cheap book; but like the hinges of a door it may make easier for many the swinging open of the "Gate of Heaven," when we knock there at the hour of our death.

JESUIT EDUCATION: Its History and Principles viewed in the Light of Modern Educational Problems. By Robert Schwickerath, S.J. Second Edition. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 687.

There is no end to the discussions and laying down of doctrines and methods touching the education of our youth; and indeed there should not be. For, although the fundamental principles and broad outlines of all moral and intellectual training are given us in a sound philosophy whose efficiency is attested by its harmony with right reason, divine revelation, and an experience of centuries under varying conditions, there yet remains the ever changeable application to the growing development of individual temperament and character, under the progressive influences of racial, national, social, and religious life and environment.

Education in the ordinary acceptation of the term has a twofold scope, the moral and the intellectual. The moral scope may be said to have been ultimately defined for us by Christianity. The Divine Founder of the Church has unalterably fixed in the evangelical principles the lines that divide right and wrong and further the steps that lead unquestionably to a perfecting of the moral qualities according to the divine model. What is greatest and best in all Christian ages has attested the inherent value of the evangelical counsels, although that value has at times been obscured by what is usually termed *institutionalism*, a process of observance in which the letter of the Christian law is made to supplant the spirit.

The secondary scope of education is the intellectual, the training of the mind; and although I have called it secondary, it is nevertheless capable of enhancing the vital worth of moral or religious education, so as to complete thereby the type of perfect manhood destined for the attainment of its end in God's service, and of absolute happiness.

Both the training of the heart to the attainment of the highest moral sense, and the training of the mind which illuminates the right moral sense to a more perfectly balanced and conscious as well as spontaneous observance of the Divine will, require certain *exercises* by which, as in military drill, the faculties are directed and habituated to their proper use. When St. Ignatius founded his great educational Order he provided for both these fields of moral and intellectual training a set of rules and observances, perfected in part by his disciples, and known respectively as the *Spiritual Exercises* and the *Ratio Studiorum*. The precepts and directions of these two sets of exercises are based upon the constitution, necessities, and ultimate purpose of human nature in the service of its Creator through the love of man for his neighbor; and the method is regulated by the effort of a gradual and harmonious development of all the higher faculties of man,—memory, imagination, intellect, and will. The process of development must be gradual and harmonious. This is effected by exercising the faculties upon certain phenomena and facts, as they present themselves, and the result is dependent upon the capacity of the faculties to take in the phenomena or facts, and to cover them or go out to them. Thus we have a double process of drawing out and putting in, both working simultaneously like the sunlight which draws moisture from and gives heat to the vegetation in the same act. It stands to reason that the "putting in" process is that which gives *quality* to the mind, and that if we put either too much or the wrong thing into it, we fail to draw out its proportionate activity by overloading or unbalancing the carrying capacity. Old things, out-of-the-way things, as well as untrue things are not as apt to stir the power of observing and comparing in a young mind, as are things present, things new and evidently true. Hence whatever the excellence of our educational principles and methods, if they are exercised upon objects that do not appeal to the young sense by their freshness and reality, the exercise is apt to frustrate the primary object of intellectual education, by failing to properly illuminate moral truth; and although the youth thus educated may be good, he is out of harmony with his environment and therefore incapable of exercising any direct influence upon his fellows.

It is this charge of ill-timed, antiquated exercises employed in their educational methods, which is made against the Jesuits and their instructors of to-day. Whatever the value of the principles and the methods of the *Ratio Studiorum* in the past and in the abstract, they

fail, so it is argued, in an application which demands essentially new objects of illustration and experiment. Father Schwickerath contests this view by showing in an exhaustive and critical way that the *Ratio Studiorum* has never been employed or regarded by the Society as a system whose precepts are intended permanently to fix the programme of studies; that its primary object is to maintain intact the essentials of an educational process by which the faculties of the mind are gradually and harmoniously developed. He shows how as a matter of fact the theory of adaptation to actual conditions is marked throughout the history of the educational system of the Society of Jesus from the time of its foundation, when it undertook to gather up the threads of earlier scholasticism and to bring them into contact with the nobler aspirations of the Humanists, giving due attention alike to solid thought and classic form.

It is a very interesting story, this effort to draw up plans, to test, adjust, and revise the *Ratio Studiorum*, and to note the effects not only of its application at different periods and in different countries, but also of the interference with it during the seasons of suppression by outside elements. Not quite one-half of the volume is taken up with this history of the great educational code, and the difficulties it had to meet in its being carried out by the teachers of the Order.

The principal and really important part of the volume, however, is devoted to an exposition of the principles themselves which constitute the Jesuit method of education. We have already indicated what the vital and pervading element of the *Ratio Studiorum* is in itself. But one of its characteristics is what the author calls its *adaptability*. It is not without reason that the Jesuits as a body are credited with a prudent conservatism as the keynote of their public activity. That same conservatism is found in the *Ratio Studiorum*. Hence our author is able to examine with a certain impartiality arising from his very standpoint the modern systems in which "cramming," "premature specialization," "electivism," have become a more or less distinguishing feature. He contrasts the probable and indeed proved results of a classical training insisted on by the followers of the *Ratio* with the colorless culture imparted by the elective systems in which the Latin and Greek authors have a subordinate place; he shows how the modern lecture system has brought a tendency to undervalue real teaching; how the neglect of philosophy as a definite system of mental training has induced an atmosphere of vague speculation and exalted personal assertiveness. And then he points the way to a restoration

of the ideal teaching with its essential phases of all-sided discipline and training to the use of freedom and of all that appeals to the youth's sense of right and goodness and beauty.

It would lead us too far to discuss here separate and detailed phases of the education which Father Schwickerath advocates. His book needs to be not only read, but studied in order to understand the futility of the arguments advanced against the Jesuit system of education in its fundamental outlines and principles. No doubt here and there in Jesuit colleges there is to be found an excessive and one-sided insistence on traditional details, and this because of the inherent conservatism which we have already pointed out. But neither the Order nor the *Ratio Studiorum* is responsible for this kind of limitation to which all institutions are liable, and the more so in proportion to their general excellence. The average religious feels as though he or she were better than the religious of other orders or than seculars, not because there is really any conviction of personal superiority, but because the institute, the army and country, so to speak, to which the individual belongs, has a greater claim upon the admiration and gratitude of its members than any other of similar kind. Thus we do what those did and commanded who preceded us in a worthy capacity, as if their acts were not only an example, but an infallible guide never to be deviated from without guilt or dishonor. Our author shows that this is not the spirit of St. Ignatius, or of Aquaviva, or of the great leaders of the Order down to our own day. Let us have the *Ratio* in our education, and the adjustment to modern conditions may easily be accomplished without opposition or misunderstanding on the part of all true educators in or out of the Society.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION. Being the Foundations of Education in the related Natural and Mental Sciences. By Herman Harrell Horne, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy in Dartmouth College. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan and Company, Ltd. 1905. Pp. 295.

The business of the philosophy of education is rightly deemed by the present author to interpret the final and universal meaning of education, and consequently to evaluate the factors that condition and constitute educational processes.

The educable subject, the child, may be viewed as a living, a physical, a social, and an intelligent being, and under each of these four aspects comes within a distinct science, the result of whose

inquiry should terminate at a definition touching just its special view of the corresponding aspect of education. Taking the latter term to signify in general "a superior adjustment to environment," biological science will express the organic or anatomical, while physiological science will look to the physical development; sociology will view the intellectual, emotional, and volitional environment, and psychology will emphasize the specifically mental side of the subject. It remains for philosophy to close the series of formulæ with its interpretation and the definition: *education is the eternal process of superior adjustment of the physically and mentally developed, free, conscious, human being to God, as manifested in the intellectual, emotional, and volitional environment of man* (p 285).

In selecting and arranging the empirical and more or less scientific data which underlie these ascending generalizations, the author of the book at hand manifests considerable research and skill. The plan of the work is most attractive, and not a little of the thought is at least suggestive and stimulating, if not particularly informative. On the other hand, both plan and matter leave much to be desired.

In the first place, the principal aspect of genuine education—the moral—is practically omitted. It is true, something is said about religion under the sociological aspect of education, where it is subsumed under "The Emotional Environment." But religion is thus reduced to mere feeling, and, deprived as it is both of its supernatural and intellectual elements, its educational efficiency ceases to be of any permanent value. The moral factor in education is even more summarily dismissed than is religion. Barely two pages are devoted to it under the head of "Volitional Environment," in connection with sociological education. And here too the conception of morality is enucleated of its essential element; for, with the author, "the moral law is self-legislated. The following of an alien law, which the will of the individual does not confirm, is not morality" (p. 141). He accepts here, as elsewhere, Kant's teaching on autonomous morality, a theory which, by making the individual reason the source of the moral law, deprives that law of its obligatory power and consequently of its efficacy as an educational principle.

In his references to the history of education, the author relies on such authorities as Compayré and Painter. Their influence is apparent in the sketch of physical education. It may well be that in mediæval and earlier systems muscular exercise—gymnastics, field sports, and the rest—was not so prominent a feature of the scholastic as it is of the

modern curriculum, and indeed it may have been even frequently unduly neglected by students as well as by monks; but that it was left, as the author indicates, "to modern thought" to perceive and insist on its necessity, or that "John Locke . . . revives first among the moderns the ancient phrase of Juvenal, 'First a sound body then [sic] a sound mind,'" is hardly consistent with truth. The author would do well to read *The Jesuit System of Education*, reviewed above, together with Brother Azarias' *Essays on Education*,—both for their positive information respecting Catholic systems of education and their critical estimates of Compayré and Painter.

However, the least satisfactory feature of the work lies just where one might and should, in view of the title, look for its strength,—namely, in its philosophy. The system embodied and applied is entitled "Idealistic Theism," although it might more accurately be called monism with an expressly idealistic and an implicitly materialistic strain,—a blending of Darwinian with Hegelian evolutionism.

The author indeed eschews "the error of pantheism [which] consists in saying 'All is God,' instead of 'All is God's'" (page 270), but many of his expressions can hardly be distinguished from the first of these two formulæ. "God is the self-conscious unity of all reality," and the energy of the world "is the attentive aspect of the consciousness of God" (p. 269). "Matter is the objective thought of the infinite consciousness . . . ultimately a process of thought in the consciousness of God" (p. 270). Other similar expressions pregnant with Hegelianism abound, even though they jostle with phrases that may bear an objectively theistic interpretation.

On the whole, the impression is left on the reader's mind, that the author's conception of the ultimate "self-active reality," to which the "self-active man" must conform in order to complete the educational process, is not very clear; and the conviction grows on one that "the ultimate reality" demands a more accurate definition, if it is to stand as the final and universal interpretation of education. F. P. S.

HISTORICAL CRITICISM AND THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Père J. M. Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Edward Myers, M.A., Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. Catholic Truth Society. 1905. Pp. 243.

The substance of this volume is made up of a series of lectures delivered at the *Institut Catholique* of Toulouse in 1902. When first published in France they provoked mingled manifestation of praise and blame. Those who approved had of course no reason to justify

their sympathy beyond what the author himself had said; but those who disapproved were bound to give some reason for not accepting the conclusions of the eminent Dominican scholar who based his statements on sound principles of logic in the domain of generally admitted facts. Père Lagrange complains, with good cause, in his "author's note to the second impression," that his Catholic critics, such as M. Dessailly in France and Professor Vetter in Germany, failed to state clearly the grounds of their disagreement, contenting themselves with certain vague reservations or charging him, by an unwarranted interpretation of his words, with things he never said. Thus, when he speaks of "legends" as having a place in the Sacred Text, they tell us that he considers the Old Testament to contain mere myths, and this despite the fact that the experienced teacher of the Biblical School in Jerusalem took the precaution to state that "legendary primitive history has its place between the myth which is the story of things personified and deified, and real history." Now in such matters as are here discussed, terms have their accurate value, and words may not safely be juggled with as is the custom in personal controversy.

But if anything beyond the clear and objective mode of reasoning of Père Lagrange were needed to vindicate his orthodoxy against the insinuations of those who believe that new knowledge and views imply essentially a denial of the old truths, it would be the attitude which the author maintains toward M. Loisy. This attitude is manifest from a letter addressed by him to Mgr. Batiffol, and printed as an appendix to the lectures in the present volume. In this essay the writer states his conviction that the foundation chosen by M. Loisy is unsound and saps the very basis of Christian dogma, though he does not say anything that would, in the vulgar fashion of the critic who thinks himself licensed to abuse the erring, indicate the motives of M. Loisy to be insincere, nor does he deny him the learning to which the French abbé lays claim, or the boldness which makes him defend his conclusions at the risk of honor.

For the rest, the topics which Père Lagrange discusses in this volume are confined to the Old Testament, the doctrinal development to which it bears witness as a religious history, its character as an inspired work, its relation to history in its wider sense, to science, and to dogma. He draws a strong line of demarcation between the field of the critic and the domain of Catholic dogma, and insists with unequivocal rigor upon the obligation laid on Catholic exegesis to respect the doctrinal definitions of the Church; and whilst he gives

due emphasis to the necessity of respecting the traditions of the Fathers, he also points out, as Cornely and others have done, that the unanimous consent so often referred to by Catholic writers is not, in matters of exegesis, of very frequent occurrence.

His theory regarding the extent and character of inspiration is in line with the broader views of recent critical studies which give some weight, though not that exclusive weight often claimed by the Higher Criticism, to internal evidence; and he values the criteria of external evidence applied to historical writing generally, keeping of course in mind the dogmatic definition which makes God the Author of the Sacred Scriptures in all its parts. Altogether there are in our author a moderation of tone, a reverence for legitimate freedom of opinion, and a wide range of knowledge, although he speaks here in popular language and to the average intelligence rather than to the Scripture student. The points on which one is inclined to differ from him touch only the non-essential elements of the great topics of Biblical interpretation; and we ought to be disposed not only to admit the right of views, but to seek to understand them in a sympathetic way while yet recognizing or preferring others, provided always these views do not conflict with, or minimize, the assured truth of infallible doctrine on the part of our great living teacher, the Church of Christ.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

American Girl in Munich: Mabel W. Daniels. *Little*. $1.50.

The staple material of this book is a series of pleasant letters describing the daily life of a student of music, her instructors, and the musical amusements of Munich, and giving such inform-

ation as to local customs and prices as interest anyone intending to follow in her footsteps. The slight thread of a story is well managed.

Art Thou the Man? Guy Berton. *Dodd.* $1.50.

The effect wrought upon the mind of a skilful advocate by the steady contemplation of a succession of murders, having in common the detail of a bunch of carnations found near the victim's body, seems until very near the close of the book to be its main subject. A clever plot is then revealed, but the author chooses to spoil his own work by introducing an unspeakable person, describing her surroundings with much elaboration and her soul and mind with mawkish sentiment.

At Close Range. F. Hopkinson Smith. *Scribner.* $1.50.

Ten stories in which things happen a shade too happily for perfect belief, but are described with such overflowing good spirits that the book is thoroughly agreeable.

At the Fall of Port Arthur. Edward L. Stratemeyer. *Lee.* $1.25.

The American youths playing the chief parts in this story fight with the Japanese on sea and land, and have an opportunity as prisoners of war to observe the Russians, and to see the behavior of the discontented Russian element when serving on board an American blockade runner. The private villainy is too near melodrama, but the author is faithful to history, and, although sometimes erratic, is less faulty in style than is his wont. [Eight to twelve.]

Barham of Beltana: W. E. Norris. *Longmans.* $1.50.

The double marriage between the children of Barham, the son of a Tasmanian convict, and the daughter and son of a British officer of good family, brings a strange family secret to light, and exhibits the hero's uncommon characteristics; but the story is much slighter than its author's ordinary work, and the trail of the typewriter is over its style.

Bookful of Girls: Anna Fuller. *Putnam.* $1.50.

Six stories of very young girls, related with sufficient sympathy to please readers of the same age, and with sufficient skill to afford pleasant reading to their mothers. They are carefully written, and the girls put forward as worthy of imitation are fit for the place.

Constance Trescott: S. Weir Mitchell. *Century.* $1.50.

A strong and impressive study of the effect of revengeful feeling upon a nature apparently kindly. The scene is the South, a few years after the war, and the matter of reconciliation is skilfully treated, nearly all the men being former soldiers; but the chief interest is psychological, and is excellently maintained.

Down to the Sea: Morgan Robertson. *Harper.* $1.25.

Fourteen tales, all dealing more or less with seamen of

various species and full of the rough humor which is unmoved by the most profound suffering of a person in an absurd position. They can hardly injure an adult, but they must almost inevitably blunt a boy's sensibility.

Dryad: Justin Huntly McCarthy. *Harper*. $1.50.

The old tale of the wood-nymph who sacrificed her immortality for love of a mortal is transferred to modern times in this book, which is graceful and pleasing, but shows very little original imagination.

Far Eastern Tropics: Alleyne Ireland. *Houghton*. $2.00 *net*.

Detailed studies of Hong Kong, British North Borneo, Sarawak, Burma, the Federated Malay States, the Straits Settlements, French Indo-China, and Java, precede such a description and criticism of United States ways in the Philippines as has not been equalled in value. The author errs in accepting Aguinaldo's attack upon the Religious Orders as having any value, but his aim is not to describe the past and he does not concern himself with Spaniards but with Americans. An appendix contains all the statistics necessary to verify his statements and a bibliography of all the colonies.

Following the Sun-Flag: John Fox, Jr. *Scribner*. $1.25.

This is a chronicle of unsuccessful effort to see anything of Japanese military operations at anything like close range, and of the unscrupulous misstatements and deliberate restraint by which correspondents were kept out of sight and hearing in Manchuria. It is related with humorous disgust and is highly amusing.

Girl of La Gloria: Clara Driscoll. *Putnam*. $1.50.

An untaught girl who can ride is the heroine of this story of the Mexican border, of the conflict between the white man and the Mexican, cattle herding and cattle stealing. The contact of the two races gives the tale its distinctive interest.

Human Touch: Edith M. Nicholl. *Lothrop*. $1.50.

A story of herding, cow-boys and cattle-thieves, and a great cattle-owner whose first wife, whom he supposes to be dead, suddenly emerges from the concealment caused by a series of mischances, and puts an end to the improvement which her successor is working in his character. The second wife does her duty in every way, up to the moment when the first, finding life on a cattle ranch too dull, obtains an Oklahoma divorce, then she accepts the decision of a Protestant bishop that her case "ain't jest like others" and marries the legal widower.

House of the Black Ring: F. L. Pattee. *Holt*. $1.50.

A family feud dating from pioneer days when an Englishman obtained a grant of land long occupied and improved by a Dutchman, culminates in this story of a Pennsylvania Dutch village. A mysterious house supposed to be haunted is the centre

to which all the threads of interest tend, the simple explanation of its wonders is a surprise.

Iconoclasts: James Huneker. *Scribner.* $1.50 *net.*

Criticism of certain playwrights, novelists, critics and essayists, whose common note is scorn of accepted decencies, and whose common plan is to obtain attention by scandalizing the respectable. The author has found eleven well marked varieties of the species, treats them with fairness and courtesy and leaves the reader to make his own final estimate. The book gives a very good idea of the distance between the patient tolerance of to-day and the angry reflection of evil novelties when Mr. Swinburne was young.

Ireland's Story: Charles Johnston and Careta Spencer. *Houghton.* $1.40 *net.*

The authors have followed Irish authorities, for this history is intended to correct the impressions conveyed by the unconsciously prejudiced authors of some ordinary school manuals, and the entire silence of others. It is illustrated with portraits, maps, and pictures of curious historic objects, describes the latest literary and artistic movements, pays due tribute to the work of the Church in Ireland and speaks warmly of her mission in the United States, also it tells of the lives of Irishmen in foreign lands.

Madcap Cruise: Oric Bates. *Houghton.* $1.50.

In order to propose marriage to a much courted beauty, a young man borrows his uncle's yacht without asking the owner's permission, sails her across the Atlantic and back, twice narrowly escaping wreck, but is forgiven "against all morality," as he frankly says, and not the less quickly because his escapade becomes the means of saving his kinsman from a ruinous investment. The author's ideal of young and mature womanhood is refreshingly pure and simple, and the men, although too liberal in misusing "damn," are otherwise admirable youngsters, modest, brave, and clever.

Matrimonial Bureau: Carolyn Wells and Harry P. Taber. *Houghton.* $1.50.

Induced by the luck of her maid, who has obtained a husband through a matrimonial agency, a spinster lays a plan to make matches between certain bachelors and girls of her acquaintance. The story has the air of having been written for fun, and with great ease, but reading it is serious work.

Miss Billy: Edith E. Stokeley and Marion K. Hurd. *Lothrop.* $1.50.

An unreal story of a minister's family, the members of which speedily transform the poor neighborhood into which misfortune compels them to move. Both in goodness and in good luck the characters are superhuman, but their behavior is such as to encourage a young reader to try to live for others, and to correct his own faults.

My Poor Relations: Maarten Maartens. *Appleton.* $1.50.

Grim stories of Dutch peasants or members of the lower middle class in Holland, nearly every one containing a tragic incident caused by narrowness or absolute ignorance. They are not so well written as the author's novels, but their occasional glaring errors seem to arise from the uncommon fallibility of the printer or the typewriter.

Orchid: Robert Grant. *Scribner.* $1.25.

The object of interest to all the personages of this story, herself included, is a woman whose sole desire is luxury. She marries for money, and finding that her husband hardly fulfils her theories of elegance, deliberately bestows herself upon another man, and as deliberately sells her child to her husband for two millions and the divorce enabling her to marry her lover and spend them upon him. She is left entirely at peace with herself and with the world.

Outlet: Andy Adams. *Houghton.* $1.50.

The author describes the adventures attendant upon taking the first large herds of cattle sent from Texas to winter in the Northwest, ready for spring sale or for transportation to the East. This movement led to the extirpation of the buffalo and the conquest of the Indian, and is, consequently, important in the national history. Its execution was attended with no little hardship, which is simply narrated and well illustrated.

Pam: Bettina Von Hutten. *Dodd.* $1.50.

Pam, the daughter of a married man and an unmarried woman whose life is ideally happy in spite of their sin, goes to live with her cynical and crippled maternal grandfather, leaves him at the summons of her father's wife who is morbidly curious to see her; loves a statesman betrothed to another woman, meditates eloping with him, and at last settles down to a life spent in travelling. The possible things in the story are vulgar; the impossible very nearly disgusting.

Psyche: Walter S. Cramp. *Little.* $1.50.

The Emperor Tiberius and his immediate circle by kindred, marriage, and adoption with a Greek family, a Greek charioteer, and a few court officials are the persons figuring in this story, which is carefully and conscientiously written, with no attempt to win favor with those desirous of reading about evil.

Ravanels: Harris Dickson. *Lippincott.* $1.50.

This story of a Southern family feud is differentiated from its class by the introduction of a hero whose remorse for having killed a man in self-defence nearly drives him mad. The relations of father and daughter and mother and son are exhibited by charming examples, and the negro appears as a faithful servant and friend, and, in spite of its murders, much of the story is idyllic.

Second Wooing of Salinee: Ruth McEnery Stuart. *Harper.* $1.50.

Six stories of black men and women showing the theories and practice of civilization prevalent among the ignorant. They are written with kindly sympathy, but with keen perception of humor.

Silver Bells: Andrew C. P. Haggard. *Page.* $1.50.

The love of an English pioneer for Silver Bells, the daughter of an Indian chief, is the main subject. The author describes Indian customs with the intention of showing how slight a cause may remove every trace of superficial civilization from the red man, and how injudicious is marriage between the white and red races. The descriptions of manners and customs are the result of long and intimate observation.

Slaves of Success: Elliott Flower. *Page.* $1.50.

Politicians of many types, from the intentionally honest to those with no intentions not selfish, are the characters in this story, which is written to exhibit American practice in carrying on municipal and State government, and distributing office in the general government. The work effectually deprives the reader of the excuse of ignorance in permitting fraud.

Twelve Stories and a Dream: H. G. Wells. *Harper.* $1.50.

Fantastic tales of scientific possibilities and of impossibilities made credible, of ghosts and fairies, compose an amusing book too startling for the weak-nerved, but pleasant for any other seeker for amusement.

Unwritten Law: Arthur Henry. *Barnes.* $1.50.

The author describes the lives of a group of schoolgirls, poor, well-to-do, and rich, making two frankly and inexcusably immoral, and consequently unhappy, and one coldly immoral and successful in a worldly sense. Such parts of the story as do not deal with matters unsuitable for discussion in mixed companies, attack the honest rich in order to defend the dishonest poor, and the honest poor are almost totally neglected.

Vision of Elijah Berl: Frank Lewis Nason. *Little.* $1.50.

The hero, an upright engineer; the heroine, an uncommonly clever stenographer and typewriter; a dishonest bank cashier; a scheming pretender to philanthropy; a capitalist of the modern type and a survivor of an older species, are, according to their temperament, the victims of Elijah's vision of irrigating an arid region, raising its value from nothing to millions, or the gainers by it. He himself becomes its slave, and sacrifices honor, integrity, and love to it, and at last gives his life to prevent the consequences of some of his acts. The story is very well planned and carefully written.

Wasps, Social and Solitary: George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham. $1.30 *net.*

Studies pursued with extraordinary vigilance have made the authors conversant with the wasp's

ways of building her nest and of protecting her offspring; and also of the discovery that she, alone among animals, uses a tool. The volume is illustrated with many pictures showing waspish peculiarities, and it is written with pleasant enthusiasm. Mr. John Burroughs furnishes a highly approving introduction.

Literary Chat.

The Catholic University Bulletin for April continues Dr. Poels' article on "History and Inspiration." The learned Belgian critic succeeds, we think, admirably in answering certain mooted questions touching the exegesis of the Biblical text. He reconciles the received canons which oblige us to conform our interpretation of Scriptural statements with the unanimous consent of the Fathers, by emphasizing the words of the Encyclical "Providentissimus Deus," which restrict this consent to the things "pertaining to Catholic faith." This has been overlooked by many who have appealed to the Encyclical of Leo XIII as obliging the readers of the Bible to accept the traditional literal interpretation of the Biblical narrative, particularly in Genesis. Of this interpretation the writer says: "In regard (for instance) to the creation of the world in six days, the deluge, or the chronology of Genesis, there is not a Catholic of any learning who still holds the opinions patronized by the Fathers. But they never gave those interpretations '*tamquam pertinentia ad fidem.*' They never taught that they were part of the living teaching of the Church, that is to say, of the Christian revelation preached by the Apostles."

The Pustets publish a neat volume of verses by Father James McKernan. The collection takes its name, "*Bob*" *Ingersoll's Egosophy*, from the initial poem; for the rest, the collection embraces every variety of topics that occur between "The Old Baptismal Record" and "Beautiful Death," binding the gay and the grave in the same sheaf. There is humor in the author's reflection upon the vocation of the man, who, in his sanctum, "deigns o'er all mankind to reign—by right of eminent domain"—the editor. It is hard to say whether the rhythmic comment will quench or fan the embers of editorial ambition which just now seem to have fallen on many parts of our fresh American soil. Think of the glory of being an editor!

"The wonder has long ceased to grow,
How his one head is competent
To judge of all things here below,—
Of Church, of State, of cattle-show,
Art, science, trade, and parliament.

O, wondrous man! All praise to thee!
A sword and sceptre is thy pen!
To thee look up all enviously,
E'en greatest men, of high degree,
Prime ministers and aldermen.

For what's a general or navigator,
Judge or actor, or legislator,
Beside him as competitor?
O, be advised! If wise you be,
You'll make the boy—an editor!"

On the subject of Biblical Exegesis there appear simultaneously two works from the pens of the Dominican Fathers Père Lagrange, who resides in Jerusalem as president of the School of Biblical Studies and editor of the *Revue Biblique*, and Père Lacome, whose work, *Questions de Principes concernant l'Exégèse Catholique contemporaine*, seeks to keep the subject within the limits of Thomistic analysis and Patristic tradition, not, however, without a strong plea for the application of the *historic method* advocated by modern students of the Higher Criticism who make due allowance for the testimony of archæology and its philological sidelights. Père Lagrange is a member of the Biblical Commission, and his work translated into English deals with the subject in a frank, although not exhaustive way, calculated to lessen the suspicions of heterodoxy which naturally cling to the change of a long-standing tradition, albeit that tradition has really little sanction in the defined doctrines of the Catholic Church.

The recent appearance of the *Correspondance du Duc d'Enghien*, covering the first years of the past century, has revived interest in the condemnation and execution under Napoleon's arbitrary rule of the last offspring of the great Condé family. Of the innocence of this unfortunate prince the editor of the correspondence, Count Boulay de la Meurthe, leaves no doubt. But the story revealed in the letters touching the conspiracy of Pichegru's into which the noble-minded George Cadoudal was inveigled, throws a sad light upon the demoralized condition of the nobility and particularly of the Bourbons, to which the Condés belonged.

The last issue of *Biblische Studien* (Vol. X, n. 4) is a treatise on "Moses and the Pentateuch," by Professor Hoberg, Freiburg University, already well known as a writer among German Biblical scholars. He strengthens the position generally accepted among Catholic students which holds Moses to be the true and inspired author of the Pentateuch; nevertheless he argues for the admission of certain changes and additions which the original text composition has undergone in course of ages. These changes and additions are not, however, to be regarded as substantially affecting the deposit of revealed truth.

Ernest Hello's works are too little known among us. His volume, *Œuvres choisies de Roesbrock*, just now furnishes the subject for a little treatise entitled "Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." The translation is made by Earle Baillie, who introduces some paragraphs on the subject of Contemplation from the Latin text of Surius. Rüsbröck—as his name is often written—lived in that glorious thirteenth century which has been called the "wonderful" age of faith, and which indeed abounds in the most wonderful deeds of architecture, philosophy, poetry, chivalry, recorded in history. In this age, which produced the many builders of the great Cathedrals, and to which we owe a St. Francis of Assisi, a St.

Thomas of Aquin, a Dante, our author was called "The Admirable." His work is well worth a serious thought and in this brief and pretty form it will prove most acceptable to the average modern reader. (Thomas Baker, London.)

Burns and Oates, in their "Past and Present Library," are publishing a really attractive series of small and cheap volumes which will prove of interest to the Catholic reader who has any appreciation of and taste for good reading. One of these is *The Love of Books*, being the "Philobiblon" of Richard De Bury, a quondam Bishop of Durham, and an Oxford man of the thirteenth century. "*Heart speaketh unto heart*," says the Bishop of Clifton in his foreword to the volume, "is a motto that may well be commended to whoever takes up this little book of good old Richard De Bury." It is a bit of literature that appeals to the true lover of books, and of the kind of books thumbed by the bookworms of a vanished age, having about it the perfume of the scriptorium.

To the same series belongs *The Chronicle of Jocelin*. "Jocelin," writes Dr. William Barry in introducing the little treatise to the modern reader, "the delightful and garrulous, whom it is a pleasure to read in such quaint good English, never can have dreamt how he should be famous six or seven centuries after his time. The good monk's pages are not eloquent. They are something better. As if torn from life by a child's hand, they show us glimpses, vivid in their simplicity, of a world which was and is not." In reading the account "we muse with kindness, pity, and admiration upon the mingled tale, so frankly human, so unconscious of its own worth, which has made of a ruined monastery something yet alive, and has taught us the grand Benedictine gospel,—'to labor is to pray.'"

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

THE CHURCH OF GOD ON TRIAL before the Tribunal of Reason. By Edward J. Maginnis, of the Schuylkill County Bar, Penna. New York: The Christian Press Association Publishing Co. 1905. Pp. 248. Price, $0.80 *net*.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH. A Defence, in brief, of Fundamental Christian Truths. By Frank McGloin, author of *Norodom, King Oe Cambodia; The Conquest of Europe*, etc. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 285. Price, $1.00 *net*.

THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. Intended specially for priests and candidates for the priesthood. By the Rev. H. Noldin, S.J. Authorized translation from the German. Revised by the Rev. W. H. Kent, O.S.C. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 272. Price, $1.25 *net*.

LA VRAIE RELIGION SÈLON PASCAL. Récherche de l'ordonnance purement logique de ses pensées relatives à la religion. Suivie d'une analyse du *Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour*. Par Sully Prudhomme, de l'Académie française. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1905. Pp. x—444. Prix, 7 francs 50 centimes.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. New Revised Translation, by Sir Francis R. Cruise. San Francisco, Cal.: Catholic Truth Society. 1905. Pp. viii—248. Price, $0.25; by mail, $0.30.

THROUGH SUFFERING TO HAPPINESS. By the Rev. Victor Van Tright, S.J. Adapted from the French, by the Rev. J. M. Leleu. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 93. Price, $0.30.

THE CATECHIST IN THE INFANT SCHOOL. By the Rev. Lambert Nolle, O.S.B., Priest of Erdington Abbey, Professor of Liturgy and Catechetics at St. Mary's Central Seminary, Oscott. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 109. Price, $0.60 *net.*

THE PRIESTLY ELEMENT IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. By William Rainey Harper. (The College Series.) A text-book on the history, law, and usages of worship, for advanced students. Pp. 292. Price $1.00.

HISTORY.

SHORT STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY. By Albert F. Blaisdell, author of *Stories from English History*, etc., etc., and Francis K. Ball, Instructor in the Phillips Exeter Academy. Boston, New York, Chicago, London: Ginn & Co. 1905. Pp. ix—146.

THE STORY OF COLUMBUS AND MAGELLAN. By Thomas Bonaventure Lawler, A.M., author of *Essentials of American History.* Boston, New York, Chicago, London: Ginn & Co. 1905. Pp. vii—151. Price, $0.45.

THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK, Apostle of Ireland. By William Canon Fleming. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Price, $0.75.

LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE, KNT. By his Son-in-Law, William Roper. With a Foreword by Sir Joseph Roper, Knt., Judge of the King's Bench Division. *The "Past and Present" Library.* London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. xvi—192. Price, $0.55 *net.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

LE GOUT EN LITTÉRATURE, par Joël de Lyris. Avignon: Aubanel Frères. 1905. Pp. 217. Prix, 3 francs.

THE GENTLE SHAKSPERE. A Vindication. By John Pym Yeatman. Third Edition (augmented). New York: The Shakespeare Press; Birmingham: Moody Brothers. 1904. Pp., Introduction to Third Edition, 74; Introduction to Second Edition, 72; Preface, 11; Main part of book, 317. Price, $2.00.

THE LOVE OF BOOKS. Being the "Philobiblion" of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham. With a Foreword by George Ambrose Burton, Bishop of Clifton. *The "Past and Present" Library.* London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. xxi—148. Price, $0.40 *net.*

A HAPPY CHRISTMASTIDE. Lyrics. Second Edition. By M. Watson, S.J. Melbourne: J. Roy Stevens.

QUEEN ESTHER. An Adaptation in English Verse of Racine's *Esther.* In Three Acts. By Michael Watson, S.J. Melbourne: The Advocate Press. Pp. 23.

BALLADS OF ERIN'S GOLDEN AGE. By Michael Watson, S.J. Second Edition. Melbourne, 244–250 Lonsdale St.: J. T. Picken, Printer. Pp. 40.

SONGS OF THE OPEN. Words by Mary Grant O'Sheridan; Music by W. C. E. Seeboeck; with Decorations by Enos Benjamin Comstock and George Markley Hurst. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. 1904. Pp. v—96.

HERDERS KONVERSATIONS-LEXIKON. Dritte Auflage. Reich illustriert durch Textabbildung, Tafeln und Karten. Vierter Band, H. bis Kombattanten. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 1790. Price, $3.50 *net.*

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, England.—*The Living Rosary*, by the Rev. Fr. Procter, O.P.; *The Perpetual Rosary*, by the Rev. Fr. Procter, O.P.; *The Lenten Gospels* (exclusive of Holy Week), *Credo*, *A Simple Explanation of the Chief Points of Catholic Doctrine*, by Mother Mary Loyola; *Two English Martyrs: Ven. John Body Layman, and Ven. John Munden*, by John B. Wainewright; *The Christian Revolution*, by William Samuel Lilly. Price, One Penny. *The Lord's Ambassador and Other Tales*, by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Price, 1*s.* *Winnie's Vocation and Other Tales*, by Frances Noble. Price, 1*s.* 6*d.*